



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

PK

2916

A59

A

794,229

THE
ANGLO-INDIAN PRIZE POEMS



ON
THE

ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA



756

ANGLO-INDIAN PRIZE POEMS.



ANGLO-INDIAN
PRIZE POEMS,

BY
NATIVE AND ENGLISH WRITERS,
IN COMMEMORATION OF
THE VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES
TO INDIA.



PUBLISHED FOR
THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,
BY
HAMILTON, ADAMS & CO.,
31 AND 32, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1876.

PK
2916
.A59

STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS,



PRINTERS, HERTFORD.

742570-239

PREFACE.

BEFORE the departure of the Prince of Wales for India, it became evident that the visit of His Royal Highness would greatly excite the Oriental imagination, and that many poems would be composed in his honour. Foreseeing that these compositions would prove interesting, not only on account of their peculiar Oriental character, but also as spontaneous expressions of the sentiments and feelings of the educated classes in India towards the Royal Family, it was thought desirable to offer prizes to the extent of One Hundred Guineas for a limited number of the best poems, in English or in any Indian language, upon the subject of The Royal Visit. To accomplish this the Proprietor of The Crown Perfumery Company of London took the initiative, and his offer was extensively announced in this country and throughout Hindustan. The result is that over one hundred and fifty poems have been received—more than one-third of the number from Indian authors—in Hindustani, Telugu, Tamil, Bengali, Sanskrit, Gujerati, Mahrâtti, Hindi, etc. It may be added that these poems have been written by Indian Portuguese, Native Christians, Brahmans, Sudras, Rajpoots, Mahommedans, and various types

of Hindû castes, and also by Parsees and Eurasians. A few of the Indian poems are in English, and it is a fact worthy of note that two Indian prizes awarded for them were taken by English poems written by natives of India. The verses of Mr. Chuteesh Chunder Dutt and Mr. Ram Sharma will be read with interest. Among the four other Indian poems in this volume, two are published both in the original and in the English translations, precisely as furnished by the writers themselves. The remaining are the two in Sanskrit and Hindustani respectively, portions of which have already appeared in *The Athenæum*, in which the Prince of Wales is spoken of as a veritable Deity. Of the English compositions it is not necessary to speak. All the poems published in this volume have received either prizes or honourable mention. The prizes have been adjudged, as previously announced, by an eminent body of competent scholars, and the poems are printed—though not in the order of the awards—as nearly as possible, both in the originals and translations, in the precise forms in which they were furnished by the writers. The book is offered without pretension, and must be judged by its merits. It is hoped that it may be kindly received as a pleasing souvenir of one of the most interesting events of our day.

W. S. THOMSON.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
POEM BY CHUTEESH CHUNDER DUTT	3
ODE BY RAM SHARMA	9
ODE BY A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY	19
POEM IN BENGALI BY NAVIN CHANDRA SEN . . .	29
POEM IN TELUGU BY KOKKONDA VENKATARATHNUMU	
PUNTULU	49
ODE IN SANSKRIT BY TÂRÂ CHAND SHÂSTRI . . .	73
POEM IN HINDUSTANI BY ALI HYDER	83
POEM BY LIEUT.-COL. J. TICKELL	103

SUPPLEMENT.

POEM, "UNDER THE CROWN," BY FAVONIUS . . .	112
--	-----



ANGLO-INDIAN PRIZE POEMS.

WELCOME
TO
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY
CHUTEESH CHUNDER DUTT,
OF CALCUTTA.



P O E M.

I.

Why sends Britannia her eldest son
To India's distant shore,
Braving the dangers and the storms,
Behind him and before ?
Daring on seas the elemental strife,
Daring on land the Syad's knife, —
What comes he to explore ?

II.

Is it because the Russian's foot
Is nearer to Cabool ?
Is it because the Persian proud
Is now the Cossack's tool ?
Or fears she that, a passage found,
The invaders might on Indian ground
O'erturn her peaceful rule ?

III.

Queen of the Seas, throw back such fears ;
They are unworthy thee !
The Cossack shall not thee despoil,
Nor India Cossack be :
Our mutual love twice sixty years
Hath counted now, through smiles and tears,
And one in heart are we !

IV.

While floats above thy banner brave,
We sleep secure in peace :
Think'st thou we know not how to prize
A boon so great as this ?
And will the rugged Northern Bear,
To break this rest, to us repair ?—
Then let him well-armed be !
From Himalay to far Ceylon
The races all will rise as one,—
All true alike to thee !

V.

Welcome, most welcome, Prince of peace,
Of virtuous parents born !
Behold thine Empire's far extent.—
None brighter crown hath worn.
Read, read the hearts that beat for thee ;
Their wish is only one,
That thou, like Victoria, pure may be,
And good as Albert gone.
Then shall thy kingdom aye endure—
The King of Kings loves but the pure.

VI.

From Kasbee's sacred fane shall rise
A holy prayer for thee ;
On Pooree's sod, in Brindábun
We'll bend the reverent knee :
For God is one, our God and thine,
We'll pray to Him at every shrine,
That thou may'st blessèd be

VII.

Hail, future lord of India, hail !

But heaven delay thy reign.

Long may thy holy Mother live ;

But when, relieved from earthly pain,

She, like the sun, sinks down to rest,

Plant thou her virtues in thy breast,

Her wisdom in thy brain.

VIII.

A blessed life, O Prince, be thine !

And rest the blessing in thy line !

Thus shall we pray for thee :

Rejoice a subject nation's heart

By being good as great thou art :—

Our Prince, thus welcome we !

Calcutta, India, 1875.

ODE

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VISIT OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

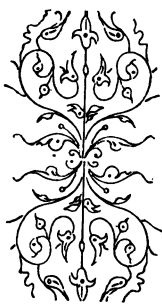
THE PRINCE OF WALES

TO INDIA.

BY

RAM SHARMA,

OF CALCUTTA.



O D E.

On holy Gunga's margin green
Musing I stood at eventide ;
Before me rolled in silver sheen
Her waters, sportive in their pride,—
Laughing and dancing merrily,
Resistless in their boist'rous glee.

From the cerulean arch of sky
Gleamed thousand sparkling jets of light ;
The crescent moon now rose on high,
Like eastern bride half-veiled from sight !
While Zephyr breathed his am'rous tale
To plain and forest, hill and dale.

Now oped the flowers their odour cells,
And Nature smiled beneath the light ;
Now Fancy wrought her magic spells,
Waked by a scene so fair and bright.
A scene so bright, it seemed to me,
To hold the soul of Poesy !

Entranced I heard the waters roar,
Entranced beheld the billows play ;
Ceaseless they kissed the loving shore,
Ceaseless they came and stole away.
They came and went unchecked and free,
Revelling in love and liberty !

I caught their spirit, caught their mirth,—
Yes, caught their wildest mirth and spirit !
And dreamt the while, I stood on earth
Which only freemen must inherit !
Freemen, said I ? Where—Where are they ?
This land obeys a foreign sway !

And yet, where'er I turn my eyes,
In this fair land by Nature blest,
Visions of vanished light arise,
And cheer and swell the sinking breast.
Each scene—each spot that meets the sight,
Is redolent of mem'ries bright !

The mountain pass ; th' extended plain ;
The snowy peak ; the valley green ;
The sylvan bower ; the sacred fane,—
Glitt'ring with glory's magic sheen ;—
Recall the days of freedom, when
Our fathers lived and died as men.

Dear India ! Once home of the free !
Where are thy former virtues fled ?
Where now thy ancient chivalry,—
The spirit of thy mighty dead ?
Urjoona, Vishma, Lukshman's dart,
The spirit of their lion-heart ?

Is yonder grovelling, dastard slave
Who sees, unmoved, famed field and flood,
Descended from the gallant brave ;—
Swell *his* veins with heroic blood ?
Alas ! to foreign steel and thrall
Is due his own, his country's fall !

Yet still, 'tis sweet on thee to gaze,
To linger on thy rifled charms ;
To dwell, with thrilling soul, on days
When thou wert great in arts and arms.
Each wound that makes thee bleed and smart,
To thee but closer draws my heart !

But, hark ! what sound assails the ear,
Like to the ocean's mighty roar ?
The Prince is come ! and loud and clear
India's sons greet him to her shore !
And now I hear two voices sing
Their welcome to her future King.

FIRST VOICE.

“Hail, noble Prince ! to India’s coral strand,
Where thou may’st sure our hearts and arms command !
See, how beneath our Empress-mother’s reign,
This fallen land hath risen once again !

“When Moslems ruled, the lamp of Knowledge bright
Here, long, alas ! was quenched in hopeless night.
O’er this fair realm then hung a dismal gloom,
More awful than the darkness of the tomb ;
Then fled the Arts by fierce oppression driven,
And bleeding Virtue cried for help to Heaven ;
Then ravished Knowledge, like some cloistered nun,
In caves secluded mourned her treasures gone ;
Then—then, O Poesy, thou tender maid,
Fond of the laughing fount, and cooling shade—
Scared by the tyrant’s yells, and mis’ry’s cries,
Didst wing thy flight to more congenial skies !
Nor hall, nor bower, nor the shady grove
Resounded then the thrilling strains of love :
A dreary winter reigned o’er all the land,
Locking the springs of joy in icy band !

“At length, with pity moved, the Sovereign Lord
To Britain gave the all-commanding word :—

‘Go thou, old Ocean’s Bride, go wear yon gem,
Yon glitt’ring jewel in thy diadem!’
Inspired with noble aim and purpose high,
The Queen of th’ azure deep came sweeping by.
At her approach dissolves the gloom away,
The sun of Knowledge bursts and cheers the day;
The Arts spring up beneath her witching tread,
And o’er the varied scene their blessings shed;
The Lightning-spirit bears her words afar,
And Giant Steam propels her iron car;
Fair cities rise where hamlets stood before,
And Peace and Order reign from shore to shore!

“Thrice-blessed Prince! into whose destined hand
Shall pass the sceptre of this classic land!
E’en Philip’s son ne’er owned a realm more fair
Than what Heaven wills should form thy future care.”

SECOND VOICE.

“Albert Edward! England’s son and Heir!
Happy Heir to glorious Râma’s throne—
Kingliest of Kings—beyond compare—
Perfect name that in the Orient shone!
Welcome to the land that nursed thy dream,
To her gorgeous shows, her glow and gleam!

“ Son of Her, our Mother as she’s thine,
Son of Her, whose spotless life and fame,
Redolent of graces sweet—benign,
Have fill’d the world with Victoria’s name!
Thrice welcome to India’s sunny shore,
Where that name we loyally adore!

“ From the West came foemen fierce of yore,
With War’s blood-hounds in their dismal train,—
Timur,—Nadir,—Ahmed,—Ghazni,—Ghore,—
Ravishers of India’s fair domain;
But thou gleamest, Prince, upon our eyes,
As Hope’s Iris spanning bright our skies!

“ Welcome him, O Indians! Welcome him!
Hindoos,—Moslems,—Parsis,—Buddhists,—all!—
Now our cup of joy flows o’er the brim!
Welcome him from street and roof and hall!
All that’s ours from Himalay to sea,
Welcome him with shouts of jubilee!

“ Cities! robe yourselves in gay attire!
Glow in golden floods of flashing fire!
Float in perfumes sense and heart desire!
Wake the very soul of harp and lyre!
And so welcome him this happy hour,—
Him the love of Denmark’s sweetest flower!

“Fairy palaces, spontaneous rise !
Streamers, shine with rainbow hues in air !
Voice of welcome, thunder to the skies !
Cannons boom ! and trumpets, loudly blare !
Beat, warm heart of Ind, with rapture beat !
Pour thy fervours at the Prince’s feet !
Welcome, for thou art our King to be !
Welcome, for this realm’s by heirship thine !
Welcome, Guest from o’er the western sea !
Welcome, Heir of Albyn’s Royal Line !
Thrice welcome now to India’s sunny shore,
Where Victoria’s name we all adore !”

Thus rang the voices in mine ear
With a majestic choral swell ;
And shouts of gladness I could hear
Ascend from plain, and hill, and dell.
Thus India does her sense display,
O Queen ! of thy benignant sway !
Fair England ! Fortune’s darling child !
Dowered with every grace divine,
Amidst earth’s dreary, cheerless wild,
Thou heroes’ home, and freedom’s shrine !
I breathe thy name : my eyes grow dim ;
Whilst drop my chains from every limb.

Though mighty thou, and rich and bright,
 Though great thy name, and grand thy story,
To raise this land to life and light,
 Be still thy aim, thy highest glory !
In thy grasp quivers India's fate,
Oh ! raise her, bless her, make her great

Thy reign has cast a ray,—a gleam
 Of hope, where all was dark despair ;
Dispel not, oh ! the pleasing dream
 She nurses 'neath thy fost'ring care !
But still, oh ! teach her rulers still
To heed, not spurn, the people's will !

Calcutta, 1875.



ODE,
ON THE OCCASION OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES'
VISIT TO INDIA.

BY
A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, ETC.

[These verses are written solely from the Hindû standpoint. In the accompanying Tamil poem¹ they are rendered, *verbatim et literatim*, in flowing vernacular metre. Every simile and metaphor employed is strictly Oriental. Thus (as Asiatics frequently speak of a "lotus-face," or "flower-face,"—*malar mugam* — "blossoming with smiles") the epithet "lotus-face" has been introduced. And so on, for this is but one instance. For much literary help the author is indebted to an eminent member of the Covenanted Civil Service of India.]

¹ In this present Edition of Five Thousand Copies, the Original Tamil of these Verses is unavoidably omitted.

ODE.

I.

He comes! The Lord of the Northern Isle,
The Heir of the Kings of the Sea,
Of our Kings, the King to be,
To gladden our eyes with his gracious smile,
And his future realm to see.

Behold!—

His steam-urged vessel, all white and gold,¹—
White as the robe th' Immortals wear,
Gold as the crown his brows shall bear,—
Comes flashing hither, fair and free.
He comes! And cannon their welcome utter;
Sea-like multitudes surge through each street;
There are showers of flowers; and bannerets flutter,
From dome and minaret, tower and spire,
As India receives her heart's desire.

And monarchs meet,

His advent to greet²

As he steps on shore

To the jubilant roar

Of myriad thunders of fort and fleet!

¹ The *Serapis*,—the colour of which seems to have struck the Hindû fancy, judging from native comments.

² Alluding to the reception at Bombay of the Prince of Wales by the Rajahs and chiefs of Western India.

II.

And so he has come, and passed through the land,
A dream of triumph, a vision grand,—

Such as before

On sea or shore

Was never dreamt or seen ;

Strange as some new-born mystic star,

The latest and greatest Avatâr,¹

Bright, beautiful, serene.

Yet not a God, but a man of men,

With his moods, like the sky, now majestic, then

Smiling with genial sheen ;

By prince respected, by peasant loved,

Lord of all hearts, he has sweetly proved

All hearts, as one heart, he can win,—

From where gleam high Himâlayan snows,

To where, as white, the roller flows,

And on boulder and beach his sea-snow throws,—

At stormy Comorin.

III.

Way for the Monarch that is to be !

Make way !

Arches of flowers they raise for thee

By day ;

¹ *Avatâr*, i.e. incarnation of a deity.

And even by night,
 Thou walk'st through starry bowers of light !
 —The Palace gates are backward rolled ;
 Lamps mistily gleam in the scented air ;
 Incense swings, and torches flare ;
 Flashes the sword-hilt, diamond-set ;
 Sparkles the emerald-decked aigrette ;
 As down from his throne of ruby and gold
 The Maharajah, who never yet
 Bent neck to mortal man,
 Descends,
 And bends,
 Before the Future Lord of Hindustan !

IV.

Again make way !
 Ye surging crowds, press not so close to see
 The lotus-face of your King to be !
 But lo ! Now wherefore doth he stay ?
 —He sees a white-robed band
 Of little children stand,
 Whose ' puny voices ' bless him as he goes.¹
 He stops : he speaks : a father's smile o'erflows

¹ This refers to a scene in Poona, near Bombay, where the Prince of Wales stopped his carriage to listen to the songs of children, who sung a hymn composed to his praise before him, and flung garlands over him.

His royal face. Does *he* not understand
Children? Are *his* not in a distant land?
Then, laden with the garlands that they fling,
He passes on, whilst they behind him sing—
 “God Bless our Future King!”—
 From mountain and from plain,
 Again and yet again,
All India echoes back that solemn strain,
Which then breathed soft o’er Poona’s uplands green,—
“*God bless the Prince of Wales; God Save the Queen!*”

V.

Pass we from lamps that glow
 In many a festal hall;
Pass we from palaces, whence flow
The sounds of laughter and of fluting low,
 Whilst airy footsteps fall;¹
Pass we from pomp of gorgeous gatherings,
Of lordly Sirdars and of puissant Kings;
From solemn Chapters of the Orient Star,²
And gilded pageantry of mimic war;³
From long processions through the surging street,—
The Prince raised high,—a ‘howdah’ for his seat;

¹ Referring to Nautches given by Rajahs in honour of the Prince.

² Alluding to the Grand Chapter of the Star of India held in Calcutta.

³ The Review and Sham-fight at Delhi.

Pass we all this, to Nature's virgin show,—
 Nature, as only Hindûs Nature know,—
 The jasmine's fragrance, and the firefly's glow ;
 The palm's bright leaf, on which the moonlight falls ;
 The Vaughay, from whose bough the '*kokil*'¹ calls ;
 The lordly aloe, that but once can raise
 Its creamy blossoms to the noon-tide blaze ;
 Glory and gleam of wild convolvuli ;
 Mountain geranium ; yucca² of the plain ;
 White clouds rolled round blue peaks ; an opal sky ;
 The sunlit silver of the rushing rain ;
 Grandeur of arching leaves and bowery gloom ;
 Glory of trees that in the zenith bloom ;
 The fern-palm, quivering lightly in the wind ;
 The grim insatiable tamarind—
 Whose roots deal death where'er they stretch ;³ the neem ;
 The mangoe, heavy-fruited, arched o'er stream,
 Or glassy tank, on which the lotus nods ;
 The yellow champak,⁴ sacred to the gods ;

¹ The '*Kokila*' (Sanskrit), '*Kûl*' (Tamil), is the cuckoo of India. During the latter portion of the Prince's visit to India, its long, clear, mellow note must have been heard in every Indian forest.

² A plant which bears a lofty pyramid of bell-shaped flowers, all as white as snow.

³ Indian aboriculturalists recognize this remarkable fact.

⁴ The *Champak* is regarded by Hindûs as the peerless flower. It is their sacred amaranth.

Birds from whose throats the songs of heaven flow,
 Unseen in brake, or veiled by dazzling glow,
 Whilst, hidden by the fierce sun's garish glare,
 To gods, not men, they warble, high in air ;
 All splendour that the sense can ever know ;—
 Cascades that shimmer, and that steam, below
 The night-born splendour of the Lunar-Bow ;
 Green parrots, golden orioles, here and there
 Darting—their plumage flashing in the glare—
 O'er banyans, dropping giant arms, to throw
 New arms aloft,—stooping to conquer!—Lo!

The Prince is here!

Awake, O lovelier than the loveliest lands!
 In thy sweet midst thy future Guardian stands!

Arise! Rejoice! Revere!

The Prince, *thy* Prince, is here!

Unveiled by art

He sees thy naked heart,
 Thy glory, and thy glamour, and thy glow,—
 O thou the fairest *Swerga*¹ mortals know!

VI.

O beauteous balmy Isle
 On which skies softest smile,

¹ '*Swerga*.'—Sanskrit,—heaven.

Laved by the bluest and the brightest seas :
 O Isle of poet's¹ song,
 What sound now stirs along
Thy league-long palm-groves, like a rushing breeze ?
 Hark ! with a cry and leap,
 Upsprings CEYLON, to keep
High holiday, and hail her Future King !—
 The fishers hear the call
 Who, by rock-girdled Galle,
Their tarry nets at amber morning fling.
 Deep in the forest gloom,
 The woodman hears the boom
Of cannon thundering welcome from the shore ;
 Dickoya's headlands bleak,
 And towering Adam's Peak,
Ring with the echoes of the jubilant roar.
 Now for the glorious Kraal !²
 Now for the rifle-ball !
Now let the elephant fall before his aim !
 Now see the Briton true,
 Prince, but Shikarry too,
Pluck the fair garland of a Sportsman's fame !

¹ Bishop Heber is referred to :—

“What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er *Ceylon's* isle,” etc.

² Elephant-trapping on a large scale is called a “Kraal” in Ceylon, where, it will be remembered, the Prince shot his first elephant.

VII.

But why prolong the tale ?
Will Fame not write it in the leaf of time ?
Will not each age and clime,
And utmost isle, and far forgotten main,
And peoples yet unborn, with wonder hear
The mighty blast of History, trumpet-clear ?
Hear of the Progress, solemn, stately, grand,—
The Royal Progress through the orient land ;
How from the stern, cold Island of the north
The Heir of all the Sea-Kings hied him forth,
To visit sunny Ind, and there did prove
Such height of loyalty, such depth of love,
Such glorious welcome, as had ne'er before
Greeted a mortal king on earthly shore.

Our Future Emperor, Hail !
And ye who are our children, tell the tale
To your own children. Ne'er let die the story
Of India's Welcome and of England's Glory !



POEM
IN THE
BENGALI LANGUAGE,
BY
NAVIN CHANDRA SEN,
OF
CHITTAGONG, INDIA,
ENTITLED
"WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES."

To the Proprietor of the Crown Perfumery Company, London.

DEAR SIR,

I venture to inclose herewith a poem in the Bengali language, its transliteration in Roman characters, and its translation in English, for your consideration. I need hardly add that I shall think myself fortunate if it meets with your approval.

As the Prince is approaching Bombay from the West, I have made the sea the first to welcome him, and communicate the welcome news to the shore. The welcome is then successively echoed by the hills on the Malabar or Bombay coast, the hills on the Coromandel or Madras coast, the hills on the remote Chittagong coast, the Nilghirries and Vindia Hills in Central India; and last of all by the lofty Himalaya in the North. Then the welcome news spreads all over India, and towards the end of the Fifth Stanza the welcome shout is sent up in a chorus from all sides to Heaven. India is then roused from her wretched state and lethargic stupor with surprise at this unexpected news. She soliloquises about the credibility or otherwise of this news till the end of the Ninth Stanza; when, seeing the Prince before her, she addresses the remaining stanzas direct to His Royal Highness !

* * * * *

I remain, yours sincerely,

NAVIN CHANDRA SEN,

Author of "Abakásha Ranjini" and "The Battle of Plássy,"
Dec. 1875. CHITTAGONG, INDIA.

“জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!”—

১

গাইছে পশ্চিমে, পূর্বে, দক্ষিণে,
ভারত সাগর আনন্দে তরল;
নাচিয়া নাচিয়া নীলিমা অসীমে,
দেয় করতালি তরঙ্গ চঞ্চল ।
ঢলাঢলি করি লহরে লহরে,
স্বপ্ন সমাচার কহিছে বেলায়;
রাজ প্রতীক্ষায় আনন্দ অন্তরে
সাজে তীর দীর্ঘ হীরকমালায় ।

২

“জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!”—
গাইয়া আনন্দে মলয় অচল,
ঘোষিছে সিন্ধুর আনন্দ ভারতী,
উড়ায়ে আকাশে, সমীরে চঞ্চল
স্বচাক্ষু কুসুম-পল্লব-কেতন ।
পুষ্প গন্ধ সহ আনন্দের ধনি,
মলয় অনীল করিছে বহন;
নাচে স্বর্ণলঙ্কা সাগরবাসিনী ।

৩

“জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!”—
 শৈলকর মালা তুলিয়া আকাশে,
 প্রতিধ্বনি করি, প্রাচী অঙ্গিপতি,
 মহানন্দে “করমণ্ডল” সস্তাষে।
 স্বচ্ছর প্রাচীতে সিত পূর্ণিমাতে,
 পূর্ণচন্দ্র শারে করিয়া ধারণ;
 নীলমণি পথ বজ্জের অধাতে,
 সে “চন্দ্র শেখর” করে প্রদর্শন।

৪

“জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!”—
 সপ্ত-তাল-ধ্বজা তুলিয়া আকাশে,
 এই বিজ্ঞাচল দেয় রাজারতি,
 আরণ্য আচ্ছাদে নৈনিষে সস্তাষে।
 প্লাবি দাক্ষণ্য, প্লাবি আর্য্যাবর্ত,
 শৃঙ্গে শৃঙ্গে এই আনন্দের ধনি
 হয়ে প্রতিধ্বনি, শৃঙ্গে শৃঙ্গে তত্ত্ব
 শুনিলা শৃঙ্গে হিমাঙ্গি আপনি।

৫

“জয় যুবরাজ! ভাবি নরপতি!”—
 গভীর নিষোধে ঘোষে হিমাচল,
 উড়ায়ে আকাশে শ্বেত মেঘাকৃতি,
 অনন্ত তুষার-কেতন ধবল।

হলো প্রতিধ্বনি নদ নদী বনে,
 গাঙীরে সমুদ্র করিল উত্তর,
 ভারত যুড়িয়া উঠিল গগনে,
 “জয়, ভারতের ভাবি রাজেশ্বর!”

৩

“জয় ভারতের ভাবি রাজেশ্বর!
 একোন কুহক রুক্ষিতে নাপারি;
 হায়! শতাব্দিক বৎসর অন্তর,
 এই স্বপ্ন স্বপ্ন হইল কাহারি?
 আবার ভারত প্রেমার্জনয়নে
 দেখিবে আপন নৃপতি বদন?
 অবধি যাহার চন্দ্র সূর্য্য সনে,
 শতবর্ষ স্বপ্ন সেই সিংহাসন!”

১

“এই শত বর্ষ, কত আশা হায়!
 মৃতকল্প দেহে হইয়া সঞ্চার
 বিজলি ঝলকে, বিজলির প্রায়
 বিষাদ আকাশে মিশেছে আবার।
 আজি কি কুহক!—ভাবি রাজেশ্বর,
 রাজ্যী জেষ্ঠ পুত্র কিসের লাগিয়া
 আসিবেন দীনা ভারত ভিতর,
 ছাড়িয়া অমরাবতী “বটনিয়া”?

৮

“যে ভারত নাম ইংলণ্ড বাসীর
উপভাস গত! অভাগীর শিরে
ছৰাসার শাপ! ভ্রমেও রাজ্যীর
নাইয় অরণ যেই ছুঃখিনীরে;
মহাসভা গৃহে যার নামে হায়!
যোর মহানিদ্রা হয় আবির্ভূত!
সে ভারতে—আমি মন্ত ছরাশায়!—
সে ভারতে আজি রাজ্যীজ্যেষ্ঠ হত?”

৯

“একি!! স্বহৃদ্বহ যুড়িয়া ভারত,
একবিংশ ধনি ধনিছে কামান,
আনন্দ নির্যোযে! সব স্বপ্নবৎ!
স্বহৃদ্বহ এই নরেন্দ্র প্রণাম!
নহে স্বপ্ন;—হাসি ঝলকে ঝলকে
কহে সৌদামিনী শুভ সমাচার;
নহে স্বপ্ন;—নেত্র পুরিল পুলকে,
কমার ‘এলবার্ট’ সম্মুখে আমার!”

১০

“যবরাজ!
আজি বৃটনিয়া ত্রিদিব আলয়,
ছল্‌চ্ছল্‌ সমুদ্র করিয়া লণ্ডঘন,
যদিবা ভারতে হইলে উদয়,
কেন আজি এই আতিথ্য গ্রহণ?”

হায়! হায়! হেন দয়ার সাগরে,
করুনা শুধাংশু পুরিত আকাশে,
হায় রে অদৃষ্ট!—হৃদয় বিদরে—
ইহাতেও হায়! মরিচিকা ভাসে?

১১

“না, না; মানিব না; প্রাণে নাহি সহে;
ভিখারি মানেনা কৌশল দাতার।
এ কি কথা! শুনি ছঃখে হাসি, নহে
রাজ্ঞী-প্রতিনিধি, অতিথি, কুমার!
রাজ্ঞীপুত্র তুমি, যেহুও সেহুও;
ভাবি রাজ্যেশ্বর,—বৃটিস তপন;
নও ভারতের সিংহাসন নও,
বহুদিন পরে যুড়াই নয়ন।

১২

“এই ধরাতলে আদি হিন্দুজাতি,
ধরাতলে আদি হিন্দু সিংহাসন;
আচল্ল ভাস্কর হায়! যার ভাতি,
এবে খুন্স সেই পুন্স সিংহাসন।
বসি সিংহাসনে, দেখ একবার
অদৃষ্টের শোক অভিনয় স্থান;
দেখ শেষ অঙ্ক—শোক পারাবার—
আজি হিন্দুস্থান, হিন্দুর অশান!

১৩

“যখন নিরখি হিমাদ্রি শেখর;
 নিরখি যখন নীল রিক্ষাচল,
 পূর্ব কীর্তি গীত, গৌরব আকর,
 শুনি যবে স্বপ্নে হইয়া বিহ্বল,
 জাহ্নবী, যমুনা, নন্দাদার মুখে;
 বিংশতি কোটি জীব মৃত্যুকার,—
 দুর্ধিসহ ভার!—বাজে যবে বুকে;
 তখনই জানি অস্তিত্ব আমার।

১৪

“হায়! রাজপুত্র কি দেখিতে হায়
 পতিত ভারতে তব আগমন?
 ভারতের কীর্তি এবে স্বপ্ন প্রায়;
 আসমুদ্র-গিরি তোমার সৃজন!
 তোমার হৈজিতে দেশদেশান্তরে
 আপনি বিদ্যুত বাহু সমাচার,
 তব স্পর্শনে চলে রৌষ ভরে
 বাঙ্গিয় বাহন ছাড়িয়া হুঙ্কার।

১৫

তোমার সাহিত্য, তোমার সঙ্গীত,
 তোমারই শিল্প, তোমার আচার,
 তব সম্ভ্রাত্য ভারত প্লাবিত,
 ভারতের আহা! কি রয়েছে আর!

ভারতের তন্ত্র নীরব সকল,
 ছুঃখিনীর লজ্জা রঞ্জে “মেন্চেষ্টার”!
 লবনাস্থ রাশি বেষ্টিত যে স্থল,
 জন্মে “লিবরপুলে” লবণ তাহার!

১৬

যাও তুমি আজি ছাড়িয়া ভারত,
 কালি বিবসনা বসিয়া ছুঃখিনী
 নিরশনে, যেন স্থপ্নোচ্ছিতবৎ!
 হাহাকার শব্দে ফাটিবে মেদিনী।
 শাসনের যন্ত্র হইবে বিকল,
 সম্ভতার যন্ত্র চলিবে না আর
 যন্ত্রীর বিহনে, সকলি অচল!
 ঝটিকার পূর্বে যেন পারাবার।

১৭

“পশ্চিম হইতে গরজি গম্ভীরে,
 বিপ্লব ঝটিকা করিবে প্রবেশ;
 নিরস্ত্র ভারত, অরক্ত শরীরে,
 ভীম উৎপীড়নে হইবে নিঃশেষ।
 হায়! যুবরাজ, এই পরিণাম
 শত বর্ষ তব দাসত্ব করিয়া?
 ভারতের বল, বীর্য্য, কীর্ত্তি, নাম,
 চির দিন তরে গেল কি নিবিয়া?

১৮

“ছিল অক্ষোহিনী অষ্টাদশ যার,
 আজি পরহস্তে আত্ম-রক্ষা তার;
 অক্ষয় আছিল যার অস্ত্রাগার,
 আজি অশ্রুরাশি মহান্ত্র তাহার!
 মহাকাব্য “মহাভারত” যাহার,
 মহারঙ্গছমি কুরুক্ষেত্র হায়!
 ভীষ্ম দ্রোণাজুঁন অভিনেতৃ যার,
 যুবরাজ!—আজি সে জাতি কোথায়?

১৯

“যাও, যুবরাজ! রাজপুতনায়
 বীরহৈতিহাসে পরিপূর্ণ যার
 প্রতিপদ; যার প্রতিপদ হায়!
 কীর্ত্তি স্তম্ভ কাল সাগর বেলায়।
 এখনো ‘চিতোরে’ স্মৃতির নয়নে,
 দেখিবে ‘পল্লিনী’ চিতার অনল;
 সেই স্মৃতি তব দয়ার্দ্র নয়নে
 আনিবে কি আঁহা! এক বিন্দু জন?

২০

“এ মহাশ্মশানে দাঁড়ায়ে, কুমার,
 জিজ্ঞাসিবে যবে ‘এই রাজাস্থান’?
 উপহাসচ্ছলে অদৃষ্ট ছর্বীর
 করিবে উত্তর—‘এই রাজাস্থান’।

যাও যুবরাজ নন্দদার কুলে,
কবে জ্যোতস্বতী কল কল স্বনে,
পূর্বে মহারাষ্ট্রে বীরজনাকুলে,
সম্মুখ সমরে, মরিত কেমনে ।

২১

“মহারাষ্ট্রে জাতি,—নিদ্রাতেও যার
শিয়রে তুরঙ্গ, কটিবন্ধে অসি;
হালি অন্তমিত বিক্রমে যাহার,
মোগলের বিশ্ব-এস ‘অঙ্ক-শশা’ ।
‘শেষ পাণিপুটে’ ‘এসাই’ সমরে
স্বাধীনতা তরে মস্ত সিংহ প্রায়
যুঝিল যে জাতি প্রাণ পণ করে
যুবরাজ!—আজি সে জাতি কোথায় ?

২২

“এক পদ আর;—সম্মুখে ‘পঞ্জাব,’
বীরপ্রসবিনী, ‘সিখের’ জননী;
‘চিলেনোয়ালায়’ যাহার প্রভাব
দেখিলা বৃটিস কেশরী আপনি ।
‘সিপাই বিদ্রোহে’ ভারত কলঙ্ক
প্রক্ষালিল যারা শোণিত ধারায়,
সেই ‘সিখ’ জাতি,—বীরের আতঙ্ক !
যুবরাজ!—আজি সে জাতি কোথায় ?

২৩

“আজি সে জাতির ভস্মরাশি হায় !
সিন্ধুর, জাহ্নবীর, নন্দদার তীরে

পড়ে আছে; ক্রমে বিধির ইচ্ছায়
 হইবে বিলীন কালসিঙ্খুনিরে ।
 আজি ভস্মময় ভারতহৃদয়,
 একটি ধমনী নাহি চলে তার,
 রাজ স্পর্শনে কর দয়াময় !
 এই ভস্মমাঝে জীবনসঞ্চার ।

২৪

“বিংশতি কোটি জীবন্ত নর,
 জয় জয় শব্দে উঠিবে নাচিয়া,
 সেই জয় নাদে পৃথিবী ভিতর
 কোন সিংহাসন রবে না টনিয়া ?
 আশ্বক্ ‘রসিয়া,’ আশ্বক্ ‘প্রসিয়া’
 আশ্বক্ সমগ্র নৃপতিমণ্ডল;
 বৃটন পতাকা গগণে ভুলিয়া,
 একাকী ভারত যুকিবে সকল ।

২৫

সিঙ্খু অতিক্রমি এই জয়ধ্বনি,
 যুড়াটে বৃটনে মায়ের শ্রবণ;
 প্রেম অশ্রুজলে ভাসিবে জননী,
 শুনি মৃতকণ্ঠ পাইল জীবন ।
 যুবরাজ !—যবে মাতৃসিংহাসনে
 উজ্জ্বলিবে যথা ওই শশধর;
 স্মৃতিতে বিহ্বল, শুনিবে তখন,—
 ‘জয় এডোয়ার্ড—ভারত হৈশ্বর’ !

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

BY THE AUTHOR.

1.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!"—
Sings the Indian ocean in the West, East and South,
melted with joy; whilst the nimble billows, dancing
on its blue expanse, merrily clap their hands.
Merrily chasing each other, they communicate their
happy tidings to the shore, which, in expectation
of the Prince, bedecks herself with a long line of
briny foam sparkling like a garland of diamonds.

2.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!"
The Malabar Ghauts, chanting merrily, proclaim the
gladsome tidings borne by the sea, waving on high
their pennons of leaves and flowers tremulous in
the wind. With flowery fragrance the sweet South
wafts abroad this gladsome strain, attuning to
which the golden Lunkah—the dweller of the sea
—dances with joy.

3.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!"
The Eastern hills of Coromandel, lifting on high
their rocky fingers, echo the cry; whilst in the
far East the Chandroshikur,¹ wearing the full moon

¹ *Note.*—The Prince reached Bombay at about the time of
full moon. Chandroshikur is a lofty mountain on the
Chittagong coast of India.

tiara on its crest, points out to the Prince the emerald path over the Bay of Bengal.

4.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!" The Vindhya hills, lifting on high seven Palmyra-palm ensigns,¹ give a royal reception; whilst the forest of Naimisha welcomes him with its sylvan joy. Flooding Deccan and Gangetic India, the glad news from peak to peak echoes afar, till at last from peak to peak the tidings reach the lordly Himalayas.

5.

"Welcome, thou Prince! the future King!"—Solemnly reverberates the Himalayas, uplifting their endless snow-white banners, which fly like white clouds athwart the firmament. The rivers and the forests now echo the sound to which the ocean returns a solemn reply. All over India the cry of "Welcome, thou India's future King!" is now ascending to the skies.

6.

"Welcome, thou India's future King!" What a charm is this, but how incomprehensible to me? Ah! Who could have, after the lapse of more than a century, dreamt so happy a dream? Shall India

¹ *Note*.—On the Vindhya hills our national hero Ram Chandra vindicated the strength of his arms to his friend Sugriva by sending one arrow right through seven Palmyra trees. Hence this allusion.

enjoy the pleasure of seeing again the face of her Lord with eyes bedewed with tears of love? Alas! her throne, coeval with the sun and the moon, is now lying vacant for a hundred years!

7.

Alas! What hopes did these hundred years like lightning flash at times sparks of life into this dead body, and like lightning vanish again into the sky of sorrow and grief! What means this charm? Why should India's future Lord, the first-born of India's Queen, leaving Britannia's Paradise, come to visit fallen and poor India?

8.

India, whose name to British people is a romance, and on whose ill-fated head hangs *Durbáshá's* curse;¹ the forlorn one, whom, not even by a slip of memory, the Queen ever deigns to recollect; and whose name brings sound sleep in the Houses of Parliament. Oh! mad am I with vain hopes, to think that India is honoured with a visit of the eldest son of the Queen.

9.

What's this! Incessantly the twenty-one cannons roar throughout India's wide domain—a merry peal! All is dream! are these salutes royal? No: it is no dream; for electric flashes circulate the welcome

¹ *Note.*—On account of *Durbáshá's* curse, *Sakuntala* was wholly forgotten by *Dushanta*.

news. No, it is no dream ;—joy fills my eyes ; for,
lo ! Prince Albert stands before me !

10.

Prince ! If thou hast condescended to rise on
India like India's sun quitting Britain's Paradise-
like shores and crossing the impassable ocean, why
then visit her as a guest ? Alas ! oh fate ! it breaks
my heart ! Does Mirage float even in such an ocean
of kindness, and in such a sky filled with the rays
of a kindly moon ?

11.

No, no ; I will not hear it, and my heart cannot
brook this thought—a mendicant will not listen to
the excuses of Charity : I cannot refrain from
smiling, though in sorrow, at the news that thou,
Prince, comest, not as the representative of the
Queen, but as a guest. To me thou art the Queen's
eldest son, be what else thou mayest—the future
King, and the sun of Britain. Do thou ascend the
throne of India, so that after many a year I may
regale my eyes.

12.

Of all the nations of the earth the Hindûs are
the oldest, and theirs is the oldest of all the earthly
thrones. The throne which is coeval in its splendour
with the sun and the moon, alas ! that sacred throne
is lying vacant now. Oh Prince ! sit upon that
throne, and once behold this tragic theatre of cruel

fate. Behold the last scene, which is a sea of sorrow,—Hindustan to-day is the Hindûs' grave.

13.

When I behold the lofty Himalayas, the Nilgherries, and the Vindhya hills; when with maddened heart I hear as if in dream the songs of my past fame (a mine of glory!) from the lips of the Ganges, Jumna and the Nerbudda; when my bosom feels the unbearable load of two hundred millions of almost dead souls; it is then I know I still exist.

14.

Oh Prince! why visit'st thou this fallen India? India's fame is now but a dream; for, from the ocean to the mountain, all is thine! At thy beckoning, the lightning bears messages from land to land, and at thy touch the steam-engines, as if maddened with rage, speed with thundering roar.

15.

The literature, the music, the art, and the manners, are all thine. India is now flooded with thy civilization, and what, alas! is there left to her of her former glory that she might call her own! Indian looms are silent all, and it is Manchester who now shields her from shame; and Liverpool supplies with salt her who herself is environed by a briny sea.

16.

Shouldst thou, oh Prince ! quit India to-day, to-morrow, risen as if from a dream, naked, forlorn, and starving, she will rend the earth with her sharp bewailings. The machinery of her government will stand still, and the machinery of her civilization will not move, bereft of its mover. In short, everything will be motionless like the sea before the storm.

17.

The storm of revolution will then come sweeping from the west with a tremendous roar, and disarmed India, without shedding one drop of blood, will submit to be crushed by dire oppression.—Alas ! oh Prince ! Is this the end after one century of submission to thee ? India's prowess, life, fame, and name itself, have they vanished and for ever ?

18.

She who commanded eighteen *Akhoinces*, her self-defence to-day is in strangers' hands, and she who boasted of an unexhaustible armoury, her mighty weapons to-day are tears ! The nation whose great epic was *Mahabhrata*, whose mighty theatre was *Kurukhetra*, and whose actors were Bhishma, Krishna, and Arjun,—oh Prince ! where is that nation now ?

19.

Oh Prince ! go thou to Râjpûtana, whose every foot of land is full of heroic tales, and is a monu-

ment on the shore of time. Even now at Chittore, with Memory's eyes, thou shalt behold Padmini's funeral pyre.¹ Would not that memory bring to thy sympathizing eyes a tear?

20.

While standing on this mighty funeral ground of the Râjpûts, oh Prince! thou wilt deign to ask—"Is this Râjusthân?" The inevitable fate will answer thee, "Yes, Râjusthân is it!" Go thou, oh Prince! to Nerbudda's shores, where with a murmuring strain the purling stream will tell thee how, in days gone by, the Mahratta heroines would perish in the shock of war.

21.

The Mahrattas who had, even while sleeping, their horses by the head of their beds, and their swords in their belts; whose prowess made the "crescent moon" of the Moguls—the terror of the world—to set in the last field of "Paniput," and who, in the battle of "Assaye," fought for liberty like maddened lions staking their lives;—oh Prince! where is that nation now?

22.

One step more, and behold Punjab, the mother of heroes and Sikhs, whose martial valour the British lion had once tasted at Chillianwallah, and who with

¹ *Note*.—Padmini's funeral pyre. Consult Marshman's *History of India*, page 56.

torrents of blood wiped off that Indian infamy—the Sepoy revolt; that Sikh race—the wonder of the brave,—Oh Prince! where is that nation now?

23.

The mouldering ashes of that mighty nation now lie scattered on the shores of the Indus, Ganges, and Nerbudda; but as fate would have it, they will gradually vanish into the ocean of time! Alas! India's heart now lies imbedded in ashes, of which not a single pulse now moves. Do thou, oh Prince! deign to throw into these ashes sparks of life with one touch of thy royal hands.

24.

Then two hundred millions of souls, now almost dead in life, will dance into life crying "*victory*" to thee. What throne is there on earth that will listen to this shout unmoved? Let Russia, let Prussia, or let the whole circle of earthly powers come combined, India alone will brave them all, lifting on high Britannia's flag.

25.

This shout of victory, oh Prince! crossing the ocean, will reach Britain and console the ears of the royal mother, whose eyes will fill with tears of love to hear of her dead daughter's return to life. Oh Prince! when thou, like yonder moon, shalt shine resplendent on thy royal mother's throne, intoxicated with this memory, thou shalt hear—"Long live Edward, India's Lord!"

GOD BE PRAISED!!

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES'
PEARL OR STAR NECKLACE.

THIS
TELUGU POEM

IS COMPOSED BY
KOKKONDA VENKATARATHNUMU PUNTULU,
RESIDING IN MADRAS,
PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR OF "ANDHRA BHASHA SUNJEEVANI"
(THE TELUGU TONGUE REVIVER),

THROUGH THE INDUCEMENT OF
THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY
OF THE METROPOLIS, i.e. LONDON.

THIS IS
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
BY
R. SIVASANKIRA PONDIAH, B.A.,
A GRADUATE OF THE MADRAS UNIVERSITY.

PREFATORIAL REMARK.

THE poet who has composed this "*Prince of Wales' Pearl or Star Necklace*" is a great *Telugu* scholar, of wide reputation, and is unrivalled in his mastery over the *Telugu* language (one of the two most important languages of the Presidency of Madras). A prose work by the pen of this learned author is now made a text-book in *Telugu* for the *First Examination in Arts of the Madras University*. The works of this poet, both Sanscrit and *Telugu*, which are not a few, are well known in India, especially in this Presidency. This poet is the proprietor and editor of a monthly *Telugu* periodical, namely, "*Andhra Bhasha Sunjeevani*." This periodical may be called the *Spectator* of Southern India, because its masterly articles are likely to be made text-books for the B.A. degree Examination of the Madras University. Owing to this poet, the *Telugu* language may be said to have come to a prosperity, similar to that attained by it in the reign of Krishnatheva Rayaloo, a king of Northern Carnatic. This is the opinion of many wise men. The composition is excellent and laconic. Of this poem it may be said that "*more is meant than meets the ear*." It belongs to that fine species of poetical composition known as "*Thevani Kavyamu*," where *depth of thought*, *merit*, and *public interest* are essential.

R. SIVASANKIRA PONDIAH, B.A.

శ్రీరస్తు.

హిచ్ రాయల్ హౌసెస్ ప్రిన్స్ ఫ్ వేల్సు హిందూస్థాన-
సందర్శనము.

ప్రాచీననవీననాగరికతా వైలక్షణ్య ద్యోతకము.

ప్రిన్స్ వేల్సు తారావళి.

శార్దూల విశ్రీడిత వృత్తములు.

1. శ్రీహీరోజ్జ్వలతల్లి సల్లలితయా—శ్రీరాజ్ఞి విక్టోరియా!
శ్రీహర్యక్ష నిఘండు తంద్రిఘసుఁడా—శ్రీశాలి యూ-
ల్బర్తు ప్రి!

స్నాహయాతని కెవ్వడిరయశ్రీయూల్బర్తు యెడ్వర్డు
శ్రీ!

ప్రూహ ప్రిన్స్ ఫు వేల్సు రాక ముదముం—బొందించె
హిందూ స్థలిక ॥౧॥

2. ఈపూణ ప్రభువయ్యఁ దాను యువరా—జెన్నంగ
రాజే యగుక ॥

శ్రీహర్షంబున నెవ్వరెట్లయిన వీ—క్షింపంగ నౌని-
చ్చము!

స్నిహానాజును జూడఁ గూడదుకదా—యేరేనిఁ గూ-
ర్చుండిశ్రీ ॥ ప్రూహ ॥

3. ఆహారాదులఁ దాల్చి చూపఱకు మో - హస్సూర్తిఁ
గల్పింపనే |
లా హారాం గ రుచి న్నెలుంగుఁగద చా - లనైజ దే-
హంబటం |
చూహం జేయునె కాక యీతఁడనఁగా - నెప్ప-
న్నదంభుండుశ్రీ || పూ ||
4. ఆహార్యక్ష ధనంబుఁ జల్లుచిల దీ - నానాథులం దం-
దడి |
సాహంకార తనేఁపనేల యనియో - యశ్లేమియుం-
జేయకే |
యీహస్సైజ కటాక్షలక్ష్మీ కిలుగా - నిభ్యాః గా-
నించుశ్రీ || పూ || ర ||
5. ఈహం గాంచుచు శ్రీలు చల్లుదురు ము - న్నింపార
లాజాక్షతల్ |
మోహవేశమునం బ్రసూనములు నె - ష్పన్నం-
గళారార్తి కల్ |
శ్రీపుష్పైత్తత రాజు రాఁగ నిపుడా - చేష్టనన్ -
లేపు శ్రీ || పూ || గ ||
6. ఆహ మున్యవరాజ దర్శనలస - ద్వ్యసంగు లెం-
దున్వరా |
రోహల్ ప్రాథులు పూరుషుల్లననిటం - బ్రోద్దామ-
కౌతూహలుల్ |
సూమల్ బాలురు బాలికల్పదువరుల్ - సాంపాద
వీక్షీంశ్రుశ్రీ || పూ ||

7. బాహానిన్యవరాజు లెంచఁబడుదుర్ - బలీన్క ము-
న్నిప్పుడో ।

పెూ పెూ యూయవరాజు నీతివరవి - దోవ్తా-
హసంస్తుత్తుడం ।

చా హైమాచల సేతుభూతలపతుల్ - హర్షాప్తి వర్ణిం-
త్తుశ్రీ॥ పూ॥

8. మోహపాదక దాసీకాదికము ముక్ - ముఖ్యంబుగా
రేనికొ ।

పెూ పెూ కానిక గాఁగఁగప్పముగము - స్పర్శికు-
లర్పింతురి ।

స్తాహీనాచరణంబు మాసేనిట మా - న్యాచారమేమీరె
శ్రీ॥ పూ॥

9. మోహిన్యా కృతులైన వారవనీతల్ - ముస్తేవలన్ని-
ల్పిసం ।

దేహం బింతుకలేక చామరలిడం - దీపింతు రాజు-
ల్నకా ।

రేహంబందును గానరాదదిపుడాం - క్లేయావనం-
బందు శ్రీ॥ పూ॥ ౯ ॥

10. ఆహారంబుల మెక్తువారుద్విజులే - యందుం గపుల్పం-
డితుల్ ।

సాహంకారులు వస్త్రభూషణ ధన - ప్రాప్తిక్ ద్విజ-
స్త్రీలుపు ।

జాహర్షంబున నిక్తుచుండు మునుపా - జాడల్పనెం-
గాదె శ్రీ॥ పూ॥

11. ద్రోహంబుల్లనలేవు భూపతులకుఁ - శ్రూరాహవత్ర-
త్రియత్ |
దేహపాయములున్నదానతగతుల్ - దేవీ వియోగం-
బులున్ |
హాహాకారములున్నహావసతులున్ - గాన్పించవిం-
దెందు శ్రీ || పూ ||
12. సాహంకారులు ముష్టనున్యాయ పర-స్య యైధిపున్
దేశికున్ |
శ్రీహర్షాపు సవాహనుస్సబలు వీ-క్షింపర్హా సా-
హసుల్ |
బాహాబాహిఁ గచాకచిం బెనఁగుదుర్ - భావింప శ-
క్యంబె శ్రీ || పూ ||
13. ఆహర్యబుధరాంక ధారులు సవ - ధాచారులే చే-
రరా |
రాహర్షంబున నప్పు డిప్పుడు మత - ప్రస్ఫర్థ లేకెల్ల-
రున్ |
స్నేహాధిక్యముతోడ వేడుక గుణ - శ్రీన్దించి యు-
న్నారు శ్రీ || పూ || ౧౩ ||
14. ఆహని త్రియ లెల్ల మానిజనులి - ధ్వాహరనిద్రా విహా |
రేహల్ నేన్ద్రును సార్థకంబులుగఁ - బూరేన్ద్రోక్త
నిర్బంధముల్ |
హాహభూతములంచు వీడిచెలిమిం - ధ్రోతానుమలై-
రార శ్రీ || పూ ||

15. ఈనూనోజ్జ్వలరాజ్య పాలనమునా - యైకాదరం
బొటనా |
నాహేతూర్జిత పూర్వికాచరణముల్ - నష్టంబులై
న్యాయనా |
దోహత్వీర నెసంగ నైకమిటస్త్రీ - బుప్పింగుచు-
న్నరుశ్రీ || పూ ||
16. నీహరాచల నేతుమధ్యగజనుల్ - నేర్పొప్ప నాంక్షే-
యభా |
చాహర్ష్యంబును నెక్కియందరు జగ-త్సంస్తుత్య
సర్వోన్నత |
శ్రీహర్షంబును బాందిరిచ్చ మునుపీ - శ్రేయంబు లేదిం-
దుశ్రీ || పూ ||
17. సౌహిత్యాప్తము మూణరాజ్యమే తురు-ష్టప్రాజ్య-
రాజ్యంబుగా |
దీహిందుల్ ప్రభుదర్శనంబునకుఁ దా-రేగ్గ సప్త-
వేషంబుతో |
నాహం యుండఁగఁ జనై మున్నిపుదొ యా-య-
న్యాయముల్లేపుశ్రీ || పూ ||
18. ఊహింపంగను మ్లేచ్ఛరాజ్యమునము - న్నుద్యుక్తు-
లన్నేనియుక్ |
నేహంబుల్లహియించి దోచుకొని శ్రు-క్తింపం జ-
నుల్నితమా |
నేహల్లాని శుఖంబెరుంగరిటనా - హీనస్థికుత్తీర శ్రీ
|| పూ || ౧౮ ||

19. ఈ హాణాంచి తరాజ్యమందు జనులెంతే నెప్పుది-
న్నమిక్కన్ |
సూహసైన్యు దినాణమందిడు దురి-స్తాపాటఁగా
వడ్డితై |
యాహా యిట్టి ప్రభుత్వ మున్నె యింక నెం-డం-
చుం బ్రశంసింతుశ్రీ ||
20. ఏహనిం గననానె యంచబల ల-ప్డెంతేని ఫీతి-
స్సరా |
రోహల్నాడరు తోరణం బివుడు నా-రుల్గురు
భీరుల్గుభా |
గేహంబుల్సారఁబారుచుండు మగలం-గేడిరితు
చిత్రంబుశ్రీ || పూ ||
21. ఆహా యిప్పుడుదంతపత్రికలు ఛా-యాగ్రాహ-
ణుల్గులువా |
రాహర్ష ప్రదముల్గుదా మునువు ము-ద్రాయంత్ర-
మిందెద్దిలే |
భాహారుల్గుతి చారులుం బధికులుం-గాయంచె లే-
దిట్లుశ్రీ || పూ ||
22. హాహల్గువు నృపుల్ వురాతనలు దా-రూహించి
కావించిరే |
సాహంకారముమాని పూనికను గృ-హ్లాద్యాప-
గాబంధసం |
దోహస్తిక్ బహుసస్య సంపదలఁ దం-తుస్థిత
యంత్రాశ్రీ || పూ ||

23. మోపెవాక్తంబులు గావు పూర్వముజనుల్ - మో-
దంబునం దూరదే |
శేహలించరు దుర్గమంబుదెరువో - బృథిష్టహం-
భోధిని |
పాహా ధామరథంబు ధామతరణుల్ - హర్షంబుఁ
బొందించు శ్రీ ||
24. ఊహించుం దెలియంగనాఁ గుశలమో - దోదంత-
ముల్సేరవి |
చాహర్షంబులు పుట్టవెవ్వరికిముక్ - జ్యోనిష్ఠుడొ-
ప్పెంగదా |
యీహార్షార్థకముల్ జనాళికిని దం - శ్రీడ్యంబు
చార్తాశ్రీ || పూ || ౨౪ ||
25. రాహర్షంబునఁ గానరేని మరలఁ - బ్రఖ్యాతమైన-
ట్టినా |
నాహేతుత్తర మొప్పనిష్ఠు పలుపుర్ - నానాధలఘు-
ల్పదిక్ |
సేహుల్పతురు రాగు మున్ను జనులి - ట్లేవీటికినేస్-
త్త శ్రీ || పూ || ౨౫ ||
26. దేహప్రాయ చరా చరాత్మకజగ - ద్వేష్యుండు ని-
తుండుస |
స్తాహత్త్యోల్లసితుండు దేవుఁడు దయఁ - బాలిం-
చు నెల్లప్పుడు |
రీహిరోజ్వల రాజ్ఞేదదవర గురుం - శ్రీతిం దదీ
యాశ్రీ || పూ ||

27. ఈహక్రై పెరుఘ్నామరీ నివహమెంతే నవ్విధ-
 లుకై శ్రీతిమై ।
 సౌహిత్యంబున రాజభక్తిని జన-స్సారానురక్తికై
 మిథ ।
 స్సౌహార్దంబున సద్యశోమహిమ శ్రీ-సంపత్తి నా-
 నాటశ్రీ ।
 పూహా ప్రిన్సఫు వేల్పు రాక ముదముం-బొం-
 దించె హిందూస్థానికై ॥ ౨౭ ॥

కవిరాజ విరాజిత వృత్తము.

సీరిఁగల లండను పట్టణమందుఁ బ్ర-సిద్ధివహించి యె-
 సంగినయా ।
 వరమతి క్రొక పెరుఘ్నామరీ కంపెని-నారల ప్రేరణఁ
 జెన్నపురికై ।
 వరకవి వేంకటరత్నము పంతులు-పన్నగ నీకృతిఁ
 జేసెయశ ।
 స్తరముగఁ బ్రిన్సఫు వేల్పు మహాప్రభు-చంద్రుని తా-
 రకవారమనకై ॥

ప్రిన్సఫు వేల్పు తారావళి

సమాప్తము.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES'
VISIT TO INDIA,

TREATED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTRAST OF ANCIENT AND
MODERN CIVILIZATION.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' PEARL OR STAR NECKLACE.

[This title of *Tharavali* is given to a collection of twenty-seven stanzas; all, or with a few exceptions only, of the words of the last line of each of these stanzas in this collection must be the same, just as we have in the stanzas of ballads or odes in English, such as "God Save the Queen," etc. The word *Tharavali* has two meanings—1st, It means a necklace of *twenty-seven pearls*; hence there are twenty-seven stanzas. 2nd, It means *twenty-seven lunar* mansions, or constellations, which surround the Moon, according to Hindu astronomy, hence the name. The chief object of the poet in thus heading the poem is that these represent the *Star of India* titles (K.G.C.S.I., K.C.S.I., C.S.I., etc.), which the Prince, like the bright Moon as it were, has special authority to confer upon the natives, etc., of India.]

SHARTHoola VIKREEDITHA VRITHUMS.

[This name is given to certain stanzas composed in accordance with certain rules of *Telugu prosody*. Such stanzas are considered fine and excellent in Telugu prosody. The Telugu poetry, like the Saxon, is of an *alliterative* nature. These stanzas contain *four* lines. The *last* line, *i.e.* the *fourth* line, being the same for all the twenty-seven stanzas, as has been already remarked. The *first* letter of each line is called *yathi*; the *second* letter of each line is called *prasam*; this second letter is the *rhyming* letter. There are altogether $(26 \times 3 + 4 + 4 =)$ 86 lines. Of these, 82 lines are composed with the *same rhyming letter*, namely *h*, by no means an easy task. There are 86 lines, *excluding the fourth line in each stanza* (which is the same); but including it there will be $86 + 26 = 112$ lines.]

TRANSLATION.

I.—*Queen Victoria*, who shines as brilliantly as a diamond, and who is made more beautiful (by her qualities) is *his* mother (*i.e.* that of the Prince of Wales). Prince Albert, who was a noble-minded and a happy man, and who resembled the lion (in courage and valour), was his father. As he has the good fortune of having such parents, considering well, who can equal our Prince of Wales? (*i.e.* none). God be praised! the visit of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Field-Marshal (glorious), has conferred delight on Hindustan! (*i.e.* the Hindoos also by metonymy).

[Here the word "*Vyaha*" denotes "*Field Marshal*." It is specially inserted with a view to bring forward this great title, which was lately conferred upon our Prince in England. The words commencing from "*God be praised!*" etc., ending with "*delight on Hindustan*," are common to all the stanzas, and so they are to be understood at the end of each stanza.]

II.—Although this British prince is but a *prince*, still if we examine deeply, he is a *sovereign*, because every one is now at full liberty to look at him in whatever manner they like; whereas, was it not prohibited before to look at the prince, *sitting*?

[The word "*Raj*" has two meanings, namely, a *sovereign* and the *moon*. In other words, our Prince resembles the moon in brightness and mildness, just as we are free to behold the moon as we like, similarly are we free to behold our prince as we like, whether sitting, or standing, or reclining, or erect.

This is in allusion to the fact that in ancient times, *i.e.* in those times of barbarity, every person was forced to *stand* before the king with his *head bent down*, and with his arms *folded like a cross*, as we still have in Burmah and other semi-barbarous countries. But now, in conformity with the spirit of modern civilization, we can feast our eyes with the sight of the Prince as we choose, etc.]

III.—Of what use is it to delude the people at large by gaudy ornaments, seeing that the body itself shines as if adorned with necklaces of precious stones? He hates all external grandeur (not that the prince is without ornaments, but he is simple in his tastes).

[This is in allusion to the fact that princes, in those barbarous times, came out in glittering robes of "barbaric pearl and gold" and ornaments, but in these refined times our princes come out in nice and neat robes, unencumbered by superfluous jewellery.]

IV.—In ancient times, kings scattered coins and wealth around them uselessly, so as to create great confusion among the mobs assembled to view them.

[This implies the fact that people then were in such a beggarly and needy condition as to collect basely the wealth thus scattered.]

To avoid the blame of wasting the wealth of Kubera (*Kubera* is the God of Riches according to the Hindoo Shastras),

[This implies the fact that England is the richest of countries.]

the Prince (in conformity with the spirit of modern refinement and civilization) has abandoned that custom, feasting his eyes with the presence of rich men.

[This implies the fact that, by the influence of the civilized rule of Britain, India is filled with riches, and that the people are not in such a beggarly state as to collect meanly the coins scattered on the ground as before.]

V.—In times of yore, as the kings passed by, women would scatter upon them fried grain, unbroken red-coloured rice and flowers; and would wave in front of them circular plates of light.

[These round plates were of different metals, containing small cups and balls of cow-dung and water, mixed with turmeric and limepowder, serving as lamps.]

Such (*uncivilized*) customs are not now observed.

[*i.e.* Modern civilization has tended to efface these irksome and unpleasant customs.]

VI.—Before, only *aged* men and women had the courage to look at the prince without fear,

[Because kings, in ancient times, were reserved in their manners, and they put on a serious and moody countenance; consequently young men and young women, boys and girls, were then afraid of the king.]

whereas now, every one has the fortune of beholding their prince fearlessly.

[*i.e.* Education in general—modern education in particular—has given now-a-days to boys and girls a sort of loyal courage, so that they are not timid now, as before, and they now share loyalty and pleasure with others, *i.e.* in those old and barbarous times, owing to *zennana* and want of education, females were in a down-trodden condition; but now, modern civilization and enlightenment have tended to unite the feelings of women with those of men, so as to give a united demonstration of loyalty to their Prince.]

VII.—In former times, princes achieved glory *merely* by their skill in wielding the sword (mere

brutal force), but in modern times (times of the arts of civilized life) Princes, like our Prince of Wales, become famous *also* for their moral and intellectual accomplishments, and also for their affability and cheerfulness, so that all the kings from *Himalaya* to *Sathu* (*i.e.* all the sovereigns in *India*) praise our Prince for his education, refinement, etc.

[In addition to praising him for his great valour, as his very title of *Field Marshal* denotes.]

VIII.—In old times, feudatory and dependent chiefs and princes would offer to their superior lords or kings, as tribute or homage, *female slaves* and beautiful or lovely girls of the prostitute class, etc.; on the other hand, now, such blamable practices do not exist,

[This is in allusion to the well-known existence of the *slave trade* in the Asiatic regions, as India, etc.; but now, since the passing of the *Slave Emancipation Act*, a real blessing has been conferred upon India. Those barbarous customs have been obliterated.]

and laudable and civilized ones have come into vogue (*i.e.* rare articles, manufactures and curiosities are now offered as presents to the prince).

[*i.e.* In those rude times tribute was paid in slaves, but now it is paid in coins, etc.—in harmony with the spirit of modern civilization.]

IX.—In times gone by, kings, etc., while holding their levees, would be surrounded by handsome girls

of the prostitute class gently waving chowries (or brushes) composed of the tail of the *Bos grunniens*, without the slightest hesitation. Under the (civilized) British rule such (objectionable) practices are not to be found.

[Before, king's favourites, especially the female favourites, etc., exercised great control over them; but now, under the benign rule of Britain, immoral women have no access to such sacred places as royal assemblies.]

X.—In the past ages in India, on the arrival of kings, princes, etc., the *Brahmins* alone had treats given to them.

[This priesthood of India exercised the greatest control over everything, as the Roman Catholics of the middle ages in Spain.]

Only such of the poets and learned men as were Brahmins by caste were favoured with presents of money, clothes, ornaments, etc.; and the wives of the Brahmins alone had the pride and fortune of being blessed with presents, etc. But now those (partialities) have disappeared.

[Before, such sectarian distinctions among a king's subjects were kept up by means of priestcraft; but now, under the benign influence of modern civilization, our rulers reward *real merit*, and look upon all their subjects with an impartial eye, without adverting to the childish distinctions of colour, creed, caste, etc., casting away the old uncivilized principles.]

XI.—In the past ages, when one king or prince visited the others, political jealousies and animosities

among them were sure to bring about treasonous plans, fierce wars, and tumultuous proceedings, mean overtures, exiles, lamentations, refuges in caves, but now such (jealousies, etc.) are not to be found.

[i.e. In old times one potentate tried to annex the dominions of other potentates, when those had infant or weak sovereigns; but now, the civilized establishments of Court of Wards, etc., create no such deceptions. Moreover, then there were no international treaties or pacific arrangements among princes, and they were envious of one another; but now, international laws, general jurisprudence, far-spread mercantile transactions, nay, the spread of learning itself, these results of modern civilization have induced princes and potentates to live amicably, and welcome one another cordially, as is now the case with our Prince of Wales.]

XII.—In the preceding generations, the masses (the people at large) would engage themselves in quarrels, holding hands by hands and tufts of hair by tufts of hair, and would thus fight with one another; when any priest of a religion that was not theirs, or when a mighty monarch or prince on horseback, who was not their monarch or prince, came on horseback, etc., in procession, they would not even brook to look at them with their eyes.

[i.e. As the people were illiterate and ignorant in those barbarous times, they were intolerant and arrogant. But now, the refreshing influence of modern civilization and a liberal-minded government, such as the British Government, have made them look impartially on everything, and learn *toleration* and quietness.]

XIII.—In times gone by, there was envy and want of unanimity *even* among men of the *same* religion (as *Vishnavites* and *Sivites*) performing

similar rites and ceremonies. But now they shine with good qualities of toleration, etc., without these religious animosities and caste jealousies, and live like friends joyfully and discreetly.

[In former times there was no *unanimity*, even among men of the same sort as it were; but now, the refreshing rays of civilization have taught men the doctrine of mutual alliance and unanimity.]

XIV.—In these days (of civilization), people have all the facilities afforded to them to enjoy repose, tranquillity, and pleasures of food; they are now able to gratify all their curiosities and desires, and, abandoning the ancient customs and restrictions as useless and uncivilized, are rejoicing ever like friends (in their *free-will*).

[i.e. Before, the different superstitions of the people and the priesthood laid all sorts of restraints on men, and prohibited them from a good many acts and occupations; but now, influenced by modern civilization, people are blessed with freedom of will and actions.]

XV.—As justice and jurisprudence are the safeguards of the British rule, some of the ancient superstitions (of the Hindoos), which were based upon sheer inhuman and unjust whims and fancies, have now been abandoned. Opinions and principles of judicious men have now spread everywhere, consequently unanimity and tranquillity of mind flourish everywhere; and women are everywhere inflated with joy.

[Before, according to Hindoo law, women were compelled to burn themselves with the dead bodies of their husbands, i.e. *suttee*; also widows were not permitted to marry again.

Again, converts from the Hindoo religion to any other were not allowed to inherit the property of their fathers, etc. But by the legal enactments of our *enlightened* rulers, these abominable restrictions have been put a stop to. The *females are glad*, because of their being *educated*; because of their being allowed to re-marry after the death of their husbands; because of the suppression of *infanticide*, in such places as Rajpootana, etc. Moreover, by a recent curious ruling of a High Court of India, *unchaste* widows were allowed to inherit property. According to the spirit of modern civilization, females were raised from their depressed condition to a state of enlightenment.]

XVI.—Men of all nations from the Himalayas to Sathu (*i.e.* throughout India) without distinction (of colour, race, or creed, etc.) have now ascended to the summit of the great hill of the English language, and are acquiring great happiness, power and world-wide fame. Such an advantage did not exist ere now.

[*i.e.* In ancient times, high places and authorities and dignities were conferred upon special classes of men, as the Brahmins in India. But now, in keeping with the spirit of modern civilization, merit and learning have become infallible guarantees to one's fame and acquirement of high places. Now learning has been diffused everywhere, instead of being pent up in monasteries and muttums, and therefore civilization of modern times has a beneficial effect upon men. Moreover, the wise thoughts of great English masters have now become household words to all men.]

XVII.—A Government productive of great good to the public at large is the modern (civilized) British Government, and by no means the Mahometan; because, during those times (uncivilized) if any Hindoo cherished a desire to look at the Mahometan Sovereigns, he was forced to relinquish

his usual and national costume (and to appear in the curious Mahometan dress); but such unjust restrictions are not to be seen now.

[In those barbarous times, those who liked to behold the king were compelled to put on all sorts of peculiar dress; but now, modern civilization has taught men to cast off these unnecessary restraints, *i.e.* there is more liberty now than was before.]

XVIII.—When we deeply consider, (we find that) in old times, *i.e.* during the Mahometan period, numberless marauders would plunder houses of the people and burn them without mercy, torturing the inmates most awfully. In those times, the people at large had not the slightest liking for their property, or dignity, or honour.

[Because the people then stood every moment exposed to the tyrannical inroads of all sorts of wicked men, who either dispossessed them of their property, or maltreated them, or committed many outrages on the modesty and chastity of females with impunity. But now, as a civilized nation governs India, *property has become secure*, and every one is anxious to value his honour, *etc.*, and the wise government punishes any outrages, *etc.* This is in allusion to the depredations of *Tartars*, such as Tamerlane, *etc.*, on India, and even of the *Pindarees*, *etc.*, who were extirpated by the vigilance and justice of the civilized British Government. *i.e.* There is now both *security of property and person and dignity.*]

XIX.—Under this worthy English sway, the people deposit their money in Government Treasuries to obtain interest, *etc.*, with perfect tranquillity of mind, mutual confidence, and good-will. The people are now extolling the present Government as *unequaled*.

[i.e. By the influence of modern civilization, there is a healthy mutual confidence now between the rulers and the ruled, so that people, without any hesitation, turn their surplus money into government bonds of national debt; whereas, in those barbarous times, people's money was sacked at the will of the rude monarch. Moreover, the *liberty of the press* has produced great confidence in the mind of all the subjects of Her Majesty the Queen.]

XX.—Before (alluding to the Mahometan period of Indian History), women would not dare to come out of the thresholds of their houses, afraid of injuries, in conformity with their name of *abalas* or the *weak sex*.

[Because the unrestrained and lawless Mahometans, impelled by brutal passion, used to violate most shamefully the chastity of the fair sex.]

But now, women are not timid.

[Because they know that in these civilized times, and under the rule of a civilized nation, no such thing will be done.]

Now they have the freedom of frequenting assemblies of learned men (also exhibitions of arts, etc.); they now surpass even their husbands (in learning, fine arts, etc.). This is a thing (really) to be admired.

[Now, females are allowed to go into wise assemblies and take part in the discussions, and thus they are allowed to see light, not as before.]

XXI.—Ah! In these times we have *newspapers* (journals, periodicals, etc.), *photographs*, etc. Are not all these the real representations of events and persons, etc., as if they are before our very eyes? Had we, *before*, the printing press, the great implement to these? In former times, if the news of one distant place were to be known in another place,

the news had to be carried to different places by the *same* runner throughout; if not, either specially paid heralds or travellers were the only resource. We had not, *before*, the fine *postal system* as we have now.

[The poet alludes to the diffusion of *knowledge, news*, etc., through newspapers, the printing press, lithography, etc., and we can have before our eyes the *life-like* portraits of places and persons, etc., through wood-cuts and photographs, etc., and he alludes to the excellent and cheap postal system of modern days, *i.e.* modern civilization has given valuable and speedy facilities for mutual communication.]

XXII.—What we say are by no means misrepresentations. Have the kings of ancient times, setting aside pride, erected with care either dams or anicuts across such great and mighty rivers as *Krishna, Godavery*, etc.? And have they thus contributed to the fertility of the soil and thus to the abundance of grain all over? Have they, by various power-looms and weaving machines, refined and cheapened the articles of dress?

[*i.e.* In those barbarous times, *irrigation works, machine works*, and other works of public utility were not known, but now modern scientific discoveries have conferred a real boon upon mankind.]

XXIII.—In times gone by, people had not the slightest liking for *travelling into* distant countries or making voyages through seas, because, then, passages either through land or sea were difficult and dangerous (because of the ignorance of naval architecture, etc.); but now steam engines and steamers are gladdening the hearts of all men.

[Alluding to the extension of railways all over the world, and also of steam navigation.]

XXIV.—In old times, even news of the most important nature, as one's welfare, etc., could not be obtained from one place to another, quickly, and that too with great difficulty. Therefore, people then had no anxiety for travelling abroad; but now news reaches us almost miraculously *every minute through wires*. Therefore, people have now a desire for experiencing delight in undertaking long journeys, etc.

[The poet here alludes to the extension of the *Telegraph*, by means of which news reaches from one place to another most quickly.]

XXV.—Since all sorts of well-known facilities and conveniences have now been afforded to mankind for going happily from one part of the world to another; consequently, men from various parts of the world come to other parts of it (as *India* for the present) with great anxiety to partake cheerfully of the delights of a pleasant sight of the king.

[*i.e.* Owing to the triumphs of modern science, the results of which are real blessings to mankind, such as railways, telegraphs, etc., men are now able to feast their eyes with the sight of their princes (as our good Prince of Wales). Therefore, there is universal joy.]

XXVI.—He who can be known through this movable and immovable world which is His body; He who is Eternal, immutable; He who shines by means of his own glorious might; may this great God with mercy save our Queen (*i.e.* Her Majesty Queen Victoria) ever and anon, since she is the *diamond* of the world.

[Our gracious sovereign is here compared to a *diamond* by the poet, because, according to Hindoo notions, the diamond is the king of precious stones; similarly our Queen is the brilliant ruler of a great many nations of the world. She is shining by her brilliant, good, and admirable qualities, both in her private life and public life. There is also a hit as regards the fact of Her Majesty wearing the *diamond Kohi-noor*, which was found in the Godavery, a river of India.]

May that God save her eldest and best of sons!
(*i.e.* His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales);
may He save Her Royal Highness the Princess of
Wales, his consort; all the members of the Royal
Family (of Great Britain); and all the millions of
her subjects who are scattered all over the world,
sheltered by the British flag!

XXVII.—May the good, anxious (to obtain such
valuable poems on the Prince), prudent and loyal
members of *The Crown Perfumery Company* prosper
always with great joy, moved with philanthropic
sentiments and mutual alliance tending to the ac-
quirement of great *fame* and *wealth*. May these
members flourish *day after day* for ever!!!

XXVIII.—(This is a *Kavirajavirajitha Vrithum*.)
Through the encouragement and inducement of the
wise members of the Crown Perfumery Company
of the rich city of London, I (a resident) of Madras,
an inspired poet, (Kokkonda) Venkatarathnamu
Puntulu, have composed, in a desirable way, this
poem, entitled the Star or Pearl Necklace of (His
Royal Highness) the Prince of Wales, who resembles
the Moon!

ODE,
IN SANSKRIT,
BY
TÂRÂ CHAND SHÂSTRI,
RESIDENT OF DISTRICT BUDAON, PERGUNNAH DÂTÂGUNGE,
NORTH-WEST PROVINCES, INDIA,
ON
THE PRINCE OF WALES
CONSIDERED AS A GOD.

NOTE.

[The two following Poems—one in Sanskrit and one in Hindustani—are inserted as exhibiting in a remarkable manner the still prevailing influence of the ancient Religion of India.]

नयनाद्यस्य लोको वै शाश्वते पथि तिष्ठते	
अयतु स धराधीशो निस्सपत्नो गुणादृतः	१
दृश्यते श्रूयते चापि प्राचीतो भानुनिर्गमः	
प्रतीचीतोऽधुनैवास्ति वृत्ताकारोऽस्य संचरः	२
अज्जप्रजे प्रबुध्यते सर्वदा खेषु कर्मसु	
निस्सपत्न्ये इहामुच कास्ति तच्च रवेः कृतिः	३
अम्बिवृद्धिर्जनाद्वादः कैरवाणां विकाशनं	
नृपसूनोः प्रजायते कोऽर्थश्चंद्रस्य अमृतः	४
दर्शनान्नरदेवस्य नेत्रानन्दो भविष्यति	
कर्पूरान्नैव जानामि कोऽर्थः स्रष्टुर्भविष्यति	५
दक्षितं विश्वसंचारि रैविज्ञां सर्वतस्तमः	
ज्योतिषां न गणैर्वेद्मि किं विधाता विधास्यति	६
स्वस्थानात्कार्यसौकर्यं भारतालंकृते गतिः	
युष्माकं च तथा भाति यथैन्द्रावाङ्मणी रवेः	७

नीतिमंतं नृपं बुद्ध्या निद्राति पुरुषः परः	
धरादिसत्वसाम्याद्धि किमन्यत्तस्य शिष्यते	८
दिग्गजास्त्रासमापन्ना दिगंते श्रुतिविश्रवाः	
ततस्तदुपमानाय भवतां संति दंतिनः	९
जितवाता हयाः संति श्रुत्वा चोच्चैरश्रवोऽभिधं	
ऊर्ध्वं क्षिपन्ति चात्मानं पुनस्त्वेहादिहागताः	१०
नन्दनं श्रूयते चैकं सुरपुथी पदे पदे	
विषये किल दृश्यन्ते वनानि प्राणितृप्तये	११
व्रजानां शिल्पिणां शिल्प्यं जगदुत्तरसमीक्षणात्	
एकत्र संस्थितिं याति लोकशिल्पी द्वियं व्रजन्	१२
कामद्रुतानि यानानि व्योमयानत्रयाणि च	
अमात्कान्तानि विद्यन्ते सर्वर्तुसुखदानि च	१३
मरावब्धिसमाकर्षं गिरेरपि समीक्रियां	
जडमूकांश्च वागीशान्दरिद्रांश्च धनेश्वरान्	१४
पिधानं नरकस्यापि स्वर्गापावृतिपङ्क्तिं	
प्रबोधं दुर्हृदां चैव कर्तुं तस्यास्ति चोद्यमः	१५

आर्यवीर्यसमुद्भूता कन्या हि सुरताभिधा	
नृपान्भटानपाहाय प्रेस वेल्सं वृणोति सा	१६
अणूडूनांच संख्याने श्रेमूषी निर्भयागता	
नेयं साधारणी वृत्तिः शिल्पिनां तु शिलास्त्रिव	१७
काश्मीरकर्दमासिक्ताः जनेर्नेचोत्सुकैः पुरः	
वितानैरावृता मार्गा मणिकांचनमौक्तिकैः	१८
स्वराणां परिणामा हि यत्र सर्वेऽपि गायकाः	
गाथा गंधर्ववर्गस्य स्वयं लज्जानुगामिनो	१९
सौधे सौधे भवन्तीह सुधांशूनां च पंक्तयः	
पताकाखंडसंभीतः सोडुचन्द्रो दिवं गतः	२०
गतासवः सुधासंगाच्छ्रूयन्ते सासवः श्रुतेः	
श्रुत्वैव वस्सुति देव प्रजा याति हि सासुतां	२१
श्रीतांशुभिः समुद्भूतो नीरबोधो धमः स्थले	
भवत्सत्वेऽन्यतत्वेऽपि तत्त्वबोधस्तथा नृणां	२२
रीतीनां वो रसे लुब्धं मनोऽन्यं कथमीक्षते	
मधुव्रतो हि पीताब्जं कौटजं न समीहते	२३

वाद्यध्वनि समाकर्ष्य शिलापि द्रवतेभृशं	
दद्या या प्राणिनां आता गदितुं नैव शक्नते	२४
सूरेश्व सूरिभिस्सगैः कलाभृङ्गिः समन्विता	
सुधर्मेव सभा ख्याता भारतीयपुरे पुरे	२५
पूर्णाभिषेण वः कीर्तिः प्रासादोपरि मंचिता	
प्रतिपत्सु तमश्छान्नाग्रबोधार्थाय निःसृता	२६
प्रपीड्य विश्ववह्नीं हि सेन्दर्यरस उद्धृतः	
विहितं तन्निधानाय रौक्ममिलण्डनाड्यं	२७
सप्तविंशतिकैः पथिलाराचंद्रेण निर्मिता	
काशिका प्रेसवेल्सस्य भवत्वभ्युदयाय च	२८



TRANSLATION.

1. Mayst thou be blessed with conquest over all, since thy justice leads the world into the right path, —O thou who art without partiality and human sensibility.

2. The sun rises in the East. Now the sun has risen in the West, and travels eastward. Thou art the sun.

3. The sun wakes the world. The lotus-flowers blossom. Thou, the Western sun, wakest us as effectually. We therefore have no need of the natural Sun!

4. Thou, O Prince, can'st cause the tides to rise, and the cactus-flowers to blossom — therefore of what more use is the Moon to us?

5. Since the Prince gives light to our eyes in darkness, we do not know why the phosphorescence of Camphor is created by God.

6. The darkness of ignorance has been dispelled by the Star of the Prince. The stars are therefore of no consequence. . . .

7. Worldly affairs were certainly conducted somehow, even when the Prince was in England; but his advent hither has brightened all. So the natural Sun's far-spreading light may awake the east, yet may also sink westward, to lighten western lands.

8. Perceiving that the Prince was eminently

versed in the law of nature, the Creator has gone to sleep, giving Him the charge of the world!

9. The eight elephants which support the world in all the eight quarters of the globe went to perform their duty thitherward, frightened by the elephants of the Prince, terrible in appearance as they themselves, and as strong.

10. The Prince's horses, swifter than the wind, spring heavenwards, to vie with the steeds of Indra. But the Prince restrains them in his love for us.

11. Everywhere, in this the Prince's land, there are forests, that animals may have comfort; but in Indra's land there is only *one* forest. In this and everything connected with him, the Prince of Wales excels the Sky-God!

12. The Painter of the Universe retreats, having seen the Painter of the Prince, who surpasses all the painters of the world!

13. The Prince of Wales's chariots eclipse all ever heard of. In motion they never tire. They are swifter than imagination can conceive. They are delightfully easy at all seasons and under all circumstances.

14. It is the Prince that makes the deserts full of water, that levels mountains, that makes the deaf and dumb to speak, and gives the poor ineffable wealth!

15. It is he who shuts Hell, opens Heaven, and makes the wicked virtuous.

16. Fair Bravery sighed. She looked everywhere for a husband, amongst the Kings of the earth. She preferred the Prince, and wished to marry him!

17. The intellect of the Prince of Wales is capable of understanding the number of the stars, and of the number of atomic particles which exist. The genius of sculptors is nothing to his.

18. Hindûs are beside themselves with delight at the sight of the Prince. Every street and lane is strewn with saffron, and citizens have annihilated the heat of the sun by gold and silver embroidered canopies.

19. The various tunes of music, of themselves, breathe forth their different cadences to charm the ear of the Prince, and so sweetly, that when evoked by musicians, they grate on the sense.

20. How can I sing of the illuminations in honour of the Prince? Every lamp is a moon. The moon, dreading lest she should be shattered by the standard of the Prince, has dwindled away amongst the stars, and shines as feebly as one of them.

21. The Hindûs at sight of the Prince have awakened from death unto life, just as those who have been dead, as we read, spring up endued with life, after tasting of the ambrosia of the Gods.

22. We imagine the world and the elements actually to be *real*, because of the reality of the

Prince's existence, even as a man at night mistakes moonlight for water.

23. The dark bee, once having tasted the nectar of the lotus, will never taste the bitter juice of other flowers or plants. So the Hindûs have forgotten all their ancient rites and ceremonies in those which they have been delighting in performing in honour of the Prince of Wales.

24. The rock is melted by the power of music. So it is impossible to express in words the condition of mind of the most obdurate mortal in the musical presence of the Prince.

25. The Prince's Court is full of the brave, the learned, and the experienced. Every village of his in India is as Indra's Court in heaven.

26. The Prince is as the Full Moon. But it wanes. The Prince's fame wanes not, but is everywhere more and more diffused. It lightens the minds of men.

27. The sap of Creation is Beauty. Líquids are put by us into vessels. So Beauty has been placed in the Vessel of London—The Prince of Wales!



POEM, IN HINDUSTANI,

BY

ALI HYDER,

OF

GARDEN REACH, CALCUTTA,

IN DEIFICATION OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

0

To the Proprietor of the Crown Perfumery Company.

The composer aspiring to the promised reward, most respectfully begs to submit for approval these few lines commemorating the happy event of His Royal Highness of England and Imperial Prince of Hindustan's visit to India.

ALI HYDER.

*Garden Reach, Calcutta,
December, 1875.*

۱

هري هوئي هين تمام جنگل *
 زمين پڻ ڪوسون ٻڄهي هي منجمل *
 اوڻهي هين چارون طرفي بادل *
 ڪدهر هي ساقِي ڪهان هي بوتل *

۲

اوڙا گلستان سي مشڪ و عنبر
 مهڪ مهڪ ڪر ڪيا معطر
 اوڻها پهاريونسي ابر ڪهر ڪر
 برس برس ڪر بهري هين جل تهل

۳

چمن مين هر پهول هنس رها هي
 بهار ڪا دخل هوگيا هي
 خزانڪا رنگ اسقدر اوڙا هي
 ڪ زرد هو هو گڏي هين بادل

۴

هواني ڪيا ڪيا ٿمر نڪالا *
 شجرتي مشڪل مين هي سنبهالا *
 هئا هي گسدرج جوش لالا
 ڪمر پهاريون ڪي ڪهاڱي بل

۵

چمن ني ڪيا رنگ سبز پايا
 ڪ پڙگيا مهر و مهر پڻ سايا
 گلون ٻه اسطرح ابر چهايا
 چراغ ڪي لو پڻ جيڪي ڪاجل

۶

اوبهاري پري گلون ڪا جوڻ
 ڪ ٿڪري ٿڪري هي جيب و دامن
 لکون جو نشو و نماي گلشن
 يقين هي نڪلي قلم سي ڪوئل

۷

هئا مزاحم نڪوئي اصلا *
 رڪا نه فضل خزانسي رستا
 سحاب گلشن مين آن پهونچا
 پڪر ڪي باد صبا ڪا انچل

۸

کسي طرف نغمه سنج بلبل
کسي طرف پيچ پيچ سنبيل
کسي طرف خنده زن صف گل
کھين هي رمان کھين سفرجل

۹

اجل عنادل کي هي قضا هي
نگاه نرگس کي سرمه سا هي
غضب کا انکھونمين کھپ گيا هي
بنا هي سوسن کا رنگ کاجل

۱۰

هوا هي هندوستان گلستان
بهار لندن يهان هي مهمان
جناب البرط صاحب شان
فلک سرير آفتاب مشعل

۱۱

پناه گيهان زمانه داور
سپهر خرگه نجوم لشکر
خديو افراسياب چاکر
سکندر آسمان سنجبل

۱۲

دراز مڙگان دراز گيسو*
 حسام قامت حسام ابرو
 عقاب چنگل عقاب بازو
 هزبر هيبت هزبر هيكل

۱۳

وه بادشاه سپهرايوان
 وه هي گلستان خلق ريحان
 وه ابر ايشارو فيض باران
 وه بحر آب حيات منهل

۱۴

جو ديکهي وه قهر کي نظر سي
 تو ابر باران سي آگت برسي
 نگاه الطاف کي اثر سي
 لگي هين شاخ غزال مين پهل

۱۵

اگر وه پهلونکي صف سي نکلي
 تو لالا عيب کلف سي نکلي
 کسي شجر کي طرف سي نکلي
 تو اوسمين پيدا هو بوي صندل

۱۶

سیاه رویان کور منظر *
 جهڪي هين جب اوسڪي آستان پر
 سیاہي چهریڪي سب ستمگر
 بني هي آنکھونمين اونڪي کا جل

۱۷

غضب هو اوسکا جو آتش افشان
 هو برق خرمن مين ڌرڪي پنہان
 اگر هو خادم کا اوسڪي فرمان
 تو کوہ کو پیش ڌالي خردل

۱۸

اگر وہ ظاہر ڪري سخاوت
 تو بخل حاتم ڪي هوي شهرت
 اگر دیکھائي وہ زور حکمت *
 تو هون ارسطو ڪي هوش مختل

۱۹

هوا جو صحبت مين اوسڪي داخل
 تو هو گيا اوج اوسکو حاصل
 فلڪ سي بهتر هي اوسڪي محفل
 ک مہر تابان هي ايڪ منقل

۲۰

جو ڪهڻي هيٺن مردمان ديده *
هي اوسڪي درڪا غبار سرمه
تو درد سرڪا هي يه اشاره
هي اوسڪي چوڪهٽ ڪي خاڪ صندل

۲۱

مقابل آئينه جيئن ڪي
هوا نه هرگز ڪسي طرح سي
هلال بنتا هي ڪهڻي ڪهڻي
قمر به هوتي هي اتني صيقل

۲۲

نڪيون هو يڪتا زماني بهر مين
ڪ عيب هي شمس مين قمر مين
نظير اوسڪا جو هو نظر مين
تو انڪه اوس شخص ڪي هي احوال

۲۳

نڪوئي هنگام فڪر ديڪها
نظير عارض نظير سيمه
قمر ڪو سمجها مين استعاره
سحر ڪو سمجها مجاز مرسل

۲۴

بلند هي تاج سرکا رتبہ
 ک مہر تابان هي ايک ذرہ
 نشان پاڪا هي يہ اشارہ
 فلک سي هي يہ زمين افضل

۲۵

نقيب هي عدل و خلق و رافت
 هي چاکرو نمين نويد نصرت
 يہ هي سوار يکي شان و شوکت
 ک ساتھ بوي چمن هي پيدل

۲۶

وطن سي نکلي جو وہ فلک فر
 قرار خدام کو هو کيونکر
 چڙها هي خورشيد آسمان پر
 ک تا نظر سي نهو وہ اوجھل

۶۷

عجب هين فيل اوسکي طور طلعت
 ک هين رواني مين شام وصلت
 وہ برق عارض يہ ابر رفعت
 وہ روز روشن يہ ليل اليل

۲۸

اوسي قمر انتساب ڪهڻي
انهين شب ماهتاب ڪهڻي
تمرمر السحاب ڪهڻي
بروي دريا و ڪوه و جنگل

۲۹

اگر نه لي قرض چال انڪي
تو هو نه رفتار فڪر پوري
نه وصف اڪبر ڪري تعدي
ڪجهي نه منتج هو شڪل اول

۳۰

عجب هي ڀه عهد عدل پيرا
فساد ڪيا شي هي سرڪشي ڪيا
جو هي تو چشم بتانمين فتنا
جو هي تو زلف بتانمين هي بل

۳۱

نه گلکو گلچين سي هي شڪايت
نه دام سي بلبلونکو دهشت
نه شمع و گلگير مين عداوت
معاملتي هو گئي هيڻ فيصل

۳۲

هوئي مريضان غم کو صحت
 بلا کشونکي برائي حاجت
 ملي کليد در اجابت *
 رها نہ باب دعا مقفل *

۳۳

هلال تاربخ تيسريکا *
 سنا کہ باعث هوا خوشي کا *
 جو دور تها کبرو سرکشي کا *
 فروتني سي هوا مبدل *

۳۴

جگر مين اخگر کي سوز کچه تها
 تو خاک هو کر اوسي جهاييا
 پٽا جو شبنم کي دلمين عقدا
 کيا وه افتاده هوکي منحل

۳۵

زماني مين راحتي تهين يه کب
 کہ دور ايذا و رنج هين سب
 گئي هين انکهنمين درد کي شب
 کہ جيسي کوئي لگائي کا جل

۳۶

په حال باران لطف ديکها
 ک ساري عالم کو فيض پهوچا
 نهين په ابر کرم کو رتبا
 ک هي وه اتي اعم و اشمل

۳۷

وه عقل مين غيرت فلاتون
 وه هي سخا و کرم مين جيحون
 لکهنون اگر فيض روز افزون
 تو بترهکي قرطاس هوي بادل

۳۸

بها جو دريائي فيض اوسکا
 زرو جواهر ملا هي اتنا
 ک جيب کل هوگي هين پارا
 پهڻا هي باد صباکا آچل

۳۹

کرم مين اوسکا نهين هي ثاني
 هي ابر شرمندگي سي پاني
 ک اسقدر کي گهر فشاني
 نه اسقدر هوگي شبنم و طل

۴۰

نهوتا ڪس طرح فيض جاري
ڪه دولت فيض زير پا تهئي
جو گرد اوسڪي قدم سي اوڻهي
بلند هو ڪر بني هي بادل

۴۱

نڪلڪي بخشش ڪي قافلونسي
گري جو وه حزب جاهلونسي
سياهي ايسي اوڙي دالونسي
ڪه روز روشن هو ليل اليل

۴۲

جو ڪهينجي وه تيغ آتش افشان
تو برق هو جائي ڏڙڪي پنهن
عدو ڪا مجمع هو يون پريشان
هوا سي پهتچاي جيسي بادل

۴۳

هي تيغ اوسڪي فناي اعدا
رڪي نه روز و غائي اعدا
قلم ڪري دست و پائي اعدا
ڪه جس طرح ڪاڻهي هين جنگل

۱۴۴

هلال تاب و هلال پيڪر*
ظفر هي جس شعل خوکا جوهر
نيام نصرت هي ٽهيڪٽ اوسپر
شجر سي جس طرح لپٽي بگل

۱۴۵

په سانپ هي مرگ آسماني
ڪه جسڪا ڪاٿا نه مانگي پاني
په دفع ڪرتي هي سرگراني
لگا ڪي خون جبين ڪا صندل

۱۴۶

وه سرپ آجائي جي سي آفت
وه گهر ڪري دلمين جي سي حسرت
رگونمين ڏوڙي لهوڪي صورت
سمائي انڪهونمين جي سي ڪاجل

۱۴۷

دهوان وه بهر دماغ اعدا
وه چشم بد بين مين خاڪ صمرا
گلوي بد گو مين هي وه سرما
مذاق بد خواه مين وه حنظل

۴۸

حاب ڪو هي وڻ موج دريا
چراغ ڪو هي وڻ باد صحرا
سراي هستي مين وڻ اندهيرا
وڻ شابراه عدم مين مشعل

۴۹

وڻ بخت کي واسطي هي گردش
وڻ بدر کي واسطي هي گاه-ش
وڻ حق مين سيماب کي هي آتش
سپند کي واسطي هي منقل

۵۰

ترقيون پرهه وصف اوسڪا
شجر مين اتنا نمو نهوگڪا *
جو داسي نڪلا بهي مختصر سا
زبان پرهوگيا مطول

۵۱

بني هراڪ رڪن مصرع تر *
هو ايڪ مصرع قصيده بڙهڪر
قصيده هو جائي ايڪ دفتر
جو مدح والا لکيون مفصل

TRANSLATION.

1. Green are the woods. In all directions the ground for miles is spread with emerald velvet. Where is the wine-bearer? Where is his flask?

2. Musk and ambergris flow from out neighbouring gardens, and spread abroad, and scent the air. Clouds rise over the hills, and melt themselves in showers, and all the lakes brim over.

3. Every garden flower smiles. It is universal Spring. Autumn has fled, and the clouds are pale.

4. Nature produces all kinds of fruit. The trees travail with fruit. Strong cliffs are bent under the weight of myriads of crimson tulips.

5. So green are the gardens that the Sun and Moon reflect that colour! Flowers, under the dark sky, rise up like flames shooting up under black smoke!

6. All the flowers are in full bloom. Every bud has split into blossom. Did I write further, my pen itself would burst forth into bloom!

7. As there was no power which could interfere, nor block the way, so the clouds have come down

into the spicy gardens holding the skirts of the flying breeze!

8. Now are assembled warbling nightingales; here now is spikenard; here roses smile in rows, with pomegranates and spices.

9. The nightingale is smitten with the charms of the narcissus, whose flower-eyes are tintured with antimony. The rival lily has also brightened her eyes.

10. India is turned into a garden. She is visited by the flower of England, the glorious Prince Albert. He has the firmament for his throne, and the sun for his torch!

11. The Prince of Wales is the asylum of the world, the Lord of Time, has the stars for his army and the sky for his tent. He is the king of kings. He is truly Alexander the Great. Heaven is his mirror.

12. He has long eyelashes and curls, with scimitar-shaped body and eyebrows; possesses the talons and wings of an eagle, and is awe-inspiring like a lion.

13. He is a Lord living in the palace of the sky, which is a bower, the blossoms in which are his extreme politeness and affability. He is a gracious

cloud, a stream from which the water of life is drunk.

14. Should he frown, the clouds would rain fire ;
should he smile, even the hard horn-branches of the
swift-footed antelope would blossom and bud !

15. When dark-skinned men bow down before
him at the threshold of his door, their blackness
of complexion vanishes, or is only concentrated in
their eyes like antimony !

16. Should he pass by, the dark specks on a tulip
would vanish. When he walks under the trees,
all of them grow fragrant as sandal-wood !

17. When his anger blazes up, the lightning is
terrified and extinguished. Should he issue his
divine orders, instead of the grindstone grinding
the mustard-seed, the miraculous opposite would be
the result.

18. Were he to exercise his powers of reason-
ing, Aristotle himself would be bewildered !

19. His presence renders the sun-clad heaven
dark in comparison with the reception-rooms en-
lightened by his radiant presence. . . .

21-28. The shining moon cannot compare with
his forehead. . . . His visage is like the dawn.

. . . His heralds are justice, politeness, affection, and good tidings of success and prosperity. His elephants are as huge as rocky Sinai, and pass by more swiftly than the eve, very sweet, but shorter still, of the meeting of parted lovers. . . . He is the brightest day ; all else is darkest night.

29. Clouds pass swiftly the moon. If his intellect had not harrowed them they would have fled more swift, as if the predicate Major had passed to the subject Minor—there being no consequence of the first figure. . . .

31. Now that the Prince has come, no flower complains of the flower-gatherer ; the bird is not afraid of the fowler's net ; and the candle is in love with its snuffers.

32. The sorrowful are cured of their sorrow. The suffering are relieved. No more are the doors of heaven locked, for all men have got a key to the opening of their desire !

33. There is no longer any ill-omen in the new moon of the third day, for it is now turned into a source of continual happiness. There is now no more arrogance and revolt, but politeness and due submission rule the day.

34-36. Never before in olden times was there such ease, rest, and prosperity. . . . The gloomy nights of oppression have passed away. . . He saturates the whole world with his favour better than clouds do with rain.

37-45. He is more learned than Plato. He is as generous as the Black Sea! The dust under his feet rises up as he walks, and transforms itself in the sky, so that it becomes a cloud of gracious rain. He bears a fire-emitting and flame-flashing scimitar!

46-53. His sword is the most wonderful thing that can possibly be conceived. It is a deadly snake, which stings the brain of a foe! It has the power of waves and storms. It is a brand in the hand of an incendiary. A syllable would expand into a full verse of poetry, and a verse into a full poem, if I wrote fitly my eulogium on the Prince of Wales!!!



THE
PRINCE OF WALES'
VISIT TO INDIA.

BY
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. TICKELL,
ST. PHILIP'S LODGE, CHELTENHAM.



P O E M.

Queen of the East ! Across thy lowering skies
Behold thy Sun in new-born glory rise !
Before his beams thy war-clouds melt away,
And breaks the dawning of a calmer day.

Now, lapped in peace, muse o'er thy History's page,
Recall the strife of each heroic age ;
What lusty Conquerors sought thee in their pride,
How roughly wooed thee, or how grandly died ;
Since first young Egypt, in his eagle flight,
Swooped on thy shores,—but fled the unequal fight ;¹⁰
And left, to tell thy prowess and his shame,
A mouldering Pillar, and a *doubtful name*.¹
In vain Assyria sighs to rule thy land,—
No sceptre suited to a woman's hand ;—
She comes in *Queenly*² *pride* to mount thy throne,
But flies in terror to protect her own.
Great Cyrus hurls his war-tide on thy coast,
But backward ebbs the Persians' broken host.

¹ The Egyptians no doubt were the first invaders of India, and mouldering Pillars of Egyptian building are to be found; but it is doubtful whether Sesostris, otherwise called Sesosis, or Rameses was the builder.

² Semiramis, the great Queen of Assyria, was the next invader of India.

Still Indus rolls unconquered to the Sea,
*Fabled*¹ *Hydaspes* wafts his commerce free. 20
But still thy glorious battle-fields must know
A sterner struggle and a nobler Foe ;
Phœnician Tyre falls prostrate to his tread,
And conquered Egypt bows her haughty head ;
Submissive Nations pave the Victor's way,
And new-born cities mark his longer stay ;
Though bridgèd Indus may not check his path,
Nor *Princely*² *Porus* stand his Phalanx' wrath ;
Cheer thee, fair Queen ! nor fear *Secunder's*³ power,
Not he the man, not this thy destined hour ! 30
Still Affghan Chiefs shall burst their snowy chains,
To reap the plunder of thy sunny plains,
Shall place their Princes on thy *Peacock*⁴ *throne*,
And make thy Gods subservient to their own ;
Shall seize thy *plundered*⁵ *Temples'* Gems, to shine
With alien splendour in a mountain shrine ;

¹ " Fabulosus Hydaspes," the river Jhelum, was the scene of contest between Alexander the Great and Porus the Indian Prince.

² When Porus, after his defeat, was brought before Alexander the Great, and asked how he expected to be treated, his reply was, " Like a Prince."

³ Secunder is the native name for, or corruption of, Alexander.

⁴ The Peacock Throne at Delhi, taken and occupied by the several northern invaders.

⁵ The grand old Hindoo Temple of Somnath was plundered by the Affghans, and the gates of the Temple recovered and brought back to India, by British troops, under Lord Ellenborough's rule.

But yet no Affghan Chief, in Moslem pride,
May hope to rape thee for his Sabine Bride.
Lo! Thy Lords come to woo from other lands,
With Love and Peace for weapons in their hands! 40
Bold *Merchant*¹ *Princes*, Warrior Traders these!
Borne on strange vessels o'er thy untrodden Seas.

Seek ye to know their parentage and clime?
Go search the annals of primæval Time,
When the dried Deluge wrote on Virgin page
Baptismal record of an infant age;
And the three Fathers of a new-born race
Stept from the Ark, diverging paths to trace.
While the young Nomad Tribes were borne away,
To distant lands to hold divided sway, 50
Thou dwelt in peace; one bright and sunny clime
Cradled thy birth, and smiled upon thy prime,
Reared thee in beauty, never more to roam,
Thy earliest birthplace still thy latest home.
These thy pale Cousins not so softly fared,
Who rougher life and northern climate dared,
Bidding untrodden wilds and ice-bound soil
Yield hard-won tribute to their sturdy toil.
Diversely cultured grew each perfect race,
Thou in soft beauty, he in manlier grace; 60

¹ The East India Company.

While slowly passes, o'er earth's mighty stage,
In varying pageant, many a fretful age ;
New nations rise and wield a short-lived sway,
An hour of pride, then crumble to decay ;
Still from their ruins Empires take their birth ;
Still crumbling Empires cumber all the Earth.

Long these bold Norsemen, from their sea-girt home,
View the far strife ; but lo ! their hour is come !
They burst the limits which their Island bind,
And roam the world, by limits unconfined. 70
Earth's thousand wave-washed Coasts to them are free,
Lords of one Island and of every Sea !
Their Cities rise upon thy palm-clad strand,
Their commerce flows with blessings o'er the land ;
And there united mingle once again
Those Tribes, which parted on the Deluge-plain.
A *hundred*¹ years thy softer Sons obey,
Rebellious oft, the Northern Traders' sway,
Then, all unused plebeian rule to own,
Claim England's Empress for the Merchant's throne. 80
Now, India, close thy troublous history's page,
And hail the opening of thy Triumph-age !

¹ Just one hundred years elapsed from the battle of Plassey, which may be considered the beginning, to the Indian Mutiny, which caused the end, of the government of the East India Company.

See, where thy Fleet in flag-deck'd gala rides,
In simpler garb one Vessel landward glides !
Yet never mightier Embassy before
Or War, or commerce, wafted to thy Shore—
Thy destined Lord, thy Prince, appears at last,
Pride of thy future, *prayer-gift*¹ of thy past !
Softly he takes thee, not in Conqueror's pride,
Courteous as Lover to a willing Bride, 90
Takes thee from envious worlds, the fairest Gem
That ever shone on royal Diadem !

One lightning flash the glorious news imparts,
From shore to mountain, o'er thy utmost parts ;
A thousand Cannon instantaneous roar,
A myriad voices echo from the shore !
Thine ancient Chivalry, in gorgeous host,
With rival splendour deck th' expectant coast ;
Thy haughtiest Chieftains humble tribute bring,
In proud submission, to their common King ; 100
No crown he bears, but well thy Nobles trace
A Kingly presence in his courtly grace ;
No useless Guards the unarmed Prince attend ;
His trust shall shield him, and thy Love defend !

¹ It is believed by many that the natives of India attribute the Prince's recovery from sickness to the powerful influence of their prayers.

Now, India, take thy Prince with loving hand,
Show him the wondrous glories of thy land ;
Thy Caves, whose birth Man's memory may not trace,
Thy Giant Cities of a byegone race ;
Thy Hindoo Temples in primæval stone ;
Young Krishnu's Loves, old Brahm's ancient throne. 110
Show where thy new and purer creed appeared,
And Moslem conquerors chaster Temples reared,
Where their proud *self-named*¹ Cities deck thy land,
Their minaret spires in graceful beauty stand ;
On Jumna's bank, where *Akbar's*² *Fane* of pride
Weeps in eternal marble o'er his Bride.
Show where Himālya rears his snowy crest,
And thy soft Capuas nestle on his breast.
In jungle depths, where thy wild Tigers play,
Bring for his pastime fiercest Beasts to bay ; 120
The Wild Boar's charge, the Tiger's deadly spring,
To him a sportsman's thrill of joy shall bring.

In Queenly style thou'lt play the Hostess' part,
And charm thy Prince and all his nation's heart ;
But when at last, the joyous visit done,
With kindlier hearts thy homeward guests are gone,

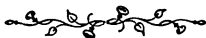
¹ The Mahomedan Emperors gave their own name to the chief cities in India, *e.g.* Shahgehanabad to Delhi ; Akbarabad to Agra.

² The Tag at Agra, built by Akbar in memory of his wife.

Shall they alone a grateful memory know ?
To thee no blessings from the visit flow ?
Ah, not for this did England steel her heart,
And bid her Prince, her favourite Son, depart ; 130
His trembling Life to nobler end was spared,
When science faltered, and when Love despaired ;
When every creed and every language prayed,
And pitying Heaven the uplifted blow delayed.
Now his fond mission, love and peace to teach,
And knit two nations closer, each to each ;
To bid thy chieftains all the blessings own
Of loyal Love,—to servile hearts unknown—
The Love which binds the Peasant and the Lord,
Makes subjects happy, and their King adored ; 140
Which fears no foe, rebellion cannot harm,
England's old bulwark, Freedom's brightest charm.
Then learn from him, for well the art he knows,
By kindly kingcraft to subdue thy foes ;
So shall thy future reign in glory prove
The sure foundation of a nation's love ;
When, far from England's gently guiding hand,
Thou'rt left untrammelled Empress of thy land ;
Then shalt thou learn, by culture more refined,
To wield the mightier empire of the mind. 150
Say not thine old-time Sages all are dead,
And Eastern Wisdom from her birth-place fled ;

But leave thine ancient Vedas and compel
A newer Science all her arts to tell ;
How Painter's skill the Tomb's dark Veil defies,
And fleeting Beauty—art-limned—never dies ;
What art may soothe a bleeding country's pain,
Make her dead Patriots smile on her again,
Catch the bright fancies of each classic Race,
And all their charms in plastic marble trace. 160
Subdue great Steam, slave of a toiling age,
Whom labour tires not, and who asks no wage ;
Make the caged Lightning servile to thy spell,
Thy lightest thoughts o'er distant worlds to tell ;
Where silent labour makes arts' secrets known,
Crown the pale student, make his fame thine own.
Where'er is heard the clang of Slavery's chain,
The Tyrant's lash, the Captive's cry of pain,
There hasten, swift to punish ; strong to save,
Subdue the Tyrant, and release the Slave. 170
So shalt thou please thy loving Prince the best !
So shall his visit evermore be blest !

15th January, 1876.



SUPPLEMENT.

UNDER THE CROWN

OR

GRAND DURBAR OF THE FLOWER FAIRIES.

BY FAVONIUS.

In the Land of palms, in the Land of neems,
Of towering mountains and lordly streams,
Of world-old temples, grim and grey,
Where swart-visaged votaries bend and pray ;
In the Land around which, by day and by night,
The rollers thunder, and breakers are white ;
In the land of the lotus, the elephant-land,
India most lovely, India most grand,
Loved by the sun, and the soft blue sky,
Loved by the gods who dwell on high,
And gaze, enrapt, on its dark-eyed maids,
Its birds, its flowers, and its white cascades ;
In this sweet and sunny Land, in a dell
Girdled by flood and encircled by fell,
In a forest deep that no eye hath seen,
Holdeth her Court—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

For it happeneth thus. Of nature it is,
That the soul and the source and the centre of bliss
Is Fragrance. Yet Fragrance, whole and supreme,
Hath more subdivisions than mortals deem.

Wise is he who her great presence allows.
Her tree universal hath many boughs.
The air, in like manner, is one ; yet we know
That myriad myriad winds do blow.
The sun is one, yet forth from him streams
How many a shower of bright sunbeams :
So Fragrance is one, but hath many daughters,
Who people the skies, and the lands, and the waters.
Spirits unseen by the mortal eye,
That flit, and float, and flutter, and fly,
Live in the leaves and the flowers and the fruit,
Beautiful beings, though viewless and mute,
Airy, and chaste, and loving, and light,
Bright by the day, and sweet by the night,
Ever the same, in every clime,
Whomever they meet, at whatever a time.—
You pass by a jasmine, a lily, a rose,
Pause an instant ! Straightway thereon you flows,
A subtle, ethereal scent ! She is there !
The sweet Flower Fairy, ineffably fair !
Beside you she moves, and breathes, and sighs,
And bends on your face her celestial eyes,
And mayhap kisses you ! Pass on then,
Loved of the Fay, the happiest of men !
Believe in faith, though the Sprite was unseen,
And duly revere—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

She holdeth her court in yon Indian bower,
She hath called the spirits of every flower,
Of every herb, fruit, leaf, and tree,
To come to her presence right instantly.
The whole round world hears the sound of the spell,
And all the scent spirits hie to yon dell;
From all the four quarters they hasten and run,
From lands of the snow, and from lands of the sun,
From lonely isles of Pacific seas,
From the blue Azores, or the Cyclades,
American prairie and Bornean plain,
Or the frozen breast of the Arctic main,
Cathayan shores, or where bright skies smile
On the face of Africa's ancient Nile,—
Ay, 'tis from the Nile-bank that sweet and serene
She cometh herself—**TANGERINA THE QUEEN.**

She hath come ! She is here ! Winsome and dear,
And myriad Fairies her radiance revere,
Her Royal Speech is breathed, if not heard,
For some waft of perfume forms every word.
The moon smiles down on the palms above,
The orient nightingale warbles for love,
The leaves all tremble with joy, the flowers
Listen, deep hid in their shadowy bowers,
The firefly lights up his lamp in the trees,
And with sighs of ecstasy dies the breeze ;—

Even the sward seems to grow more green,
'Neath her fairy feet—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

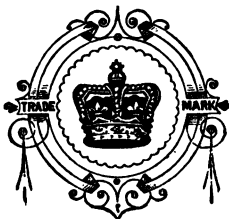
But who are these Fairies who meet this hour,
Spirits of Scents, in this Indian bower?
Fairer than all, save her peerless Queen,
Ravishing "*Tanglewood*" here may be seen.
Sweet "*Stephanotis*" this night hath met
Superb "*Ylang-Ylang*" and "*Violette*"
(*Violette*, blue-eyed fairy, whose smile
Gladdens each spring old England's isle).
Hither hastes "*Sandal Wood*," Orient maid;
Nor has Araby's "*Musk*" her advent delayed.
"*Mathiola*" comes, refulgent and gay,
With darling, delicious "*New Mown Hay*."
"*Wild Flowers of India*," splendid and sweet,
With a sister-scent in "*Meadow Queen*" meet.
Lo! here comes elate, and blithe as the morn,
The beautiful "*Bloom*" of the white "*Hawthorn*."
Hither comes "*White Rose*" comely and coy,
Hither comes "*Maréehale*" blushing with joy;
"*Moss Rose*" and "*Damask Rose*" linking their arms
With "*Jockey Club*," maid of imperial charms;
And "*Butterfly Orchis*," youthful and gay,
Approaches with "*Jasmine*" and "*Ess. Bouquet*."
These are a few of the Scent Fairies seen
Adorning her court—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

The Durbar was opened : in vale and on hill
The winds paused to listen, and all was still.

“ Liege friends ! ” thus spake TANGERINA the Great,
“ Who hither have sped to swell our state,
Give ear. For ours is a purpose high,—
The fruition of all our hopes draws nigh.
The fulness of time hath come at length,
Let us grasp a future of Glory and Strength !
Shall mountains or seas the Flower Fairies sever ?
Come, let us be *One*, for ever and ever !
Not scattered in frigid, or torrid zone,
O’er land and o’er water by wild winds blown,
Let us be ONE. To this end we’ve invited
All here. O let our realm be united !
O puissant Perfumes, wherever ye be,
On howling desert, or smiling lea,
Hear the stern voice of your Queen who cries,—
‘ Henceforth be ye ONE under all the skies ! ’
Ye doubtless have heard in your travel through air
That the Prince of Wales, Great Britain’s heir,
Is come to this land of beauty and bloom,
Of golden birds, and of rich perfume.
Ye have heard, on the wings of each jubilant wind,
Of the welcome of Ind to the Heir of Ind.
Enough ! This moment propitious to greet,
I have summoned you all in our presence to meet.

That my Royal wish I might freely declare—
That for ever henceforth ONE name ye bear.
United in bonds of a union divine,
Henceforth we shall place ourselves *under one sign* :
' Under the Crown ! ' shall now be our cry,
In garden and dell, 'neath every sky ;
We own no mistress but one. 'Tis she,
Queen of the Isle of the Kings of the Sea !
To no one save Her shall my sceptre bow down,
I doff my crown, to be ' UNDER THE CROWN ! '
I have spoken :—Obey ! " Thus, grandly serene,
Solemnly spake—TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

She ceased ; and anon each reverent Fay,
O'er palm-tree and banyan, flitted away.
And o'er moor and down, and mountain brown,
Was heard the soft echo " UNDER THE CROWN ! "
And the moon grew pale, and the stars grew white,
And sadly the firefly quenched his light,
And the wind moaned softly, and flowers bent low,
And from leaves of the myrtle dew-tears did flow,
As TANGERINA, with all her suite,
Darted away on airy feet
To distant London's Imperial town,
Only singing—" UNDER THE CROWN !!! "



FINEST QUALITY ONLY.

THE
Crown Perfumery Company of London
(W. S. THOMSON, PROPRIETOR)

IS ESTABLISHED FOR THE
WHOLESALE AND EXPORT MANUFACTURE
OF THE FINEST QUALITIES OF

PERFUMES & ARTICLES OF THE TOILET,

Suited to the requirements of the most refined tastes. Founded with large capital, and thus able to avail itself of all the resources of modern science and taste, their productions have been received with acclamation in every quarter of the Globe, and are fast becoming known in all countries and communities as the best of their kinds produced. In China, India, Australia, The Orient, North and South America, in the principal Continental cities, and, above all, in the United Kingdom, "THE CROWN PERFUMES" are rapidly becoming accepted by the most discriminating judges as the embodiment of all that is choice and *recherché* in the KINGDOM OF FLOWERS, and are destined, when better known, to take supreme rank among the luxuries of the Modern Toilet.

The distinctive trade-mark of THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY is always "The Crown," synonym of the highest excellence. All articles bearing their name and trade-mark may be depended on as of the finest quality, and may usually be had of the principal Chemists in all parts of the world, or *will be procured by them if requested.*

THE "FLOWER FAIRIES,"

POPULARLY KNOWN AS

THOMSON'S CROWN PERFUMES,

*Distilled from Choicest Natural Flowers, and of exceptional
Delicacy, Purity, and Strength.*

TANGERINA THE QUEEN.

PRINCE OF WALES' BOUQUET.

PRIZE POEM BOUQUET.

WHITE ROSE. TANGLEWOOD. JOCKEY CLUB.

ESS. BOUQUET. HIGH LIFE.

STEPHANOTIS. NEW MOWN HAY. CHYPRE.

MARÉCHALE. MATHIOLA.

WILD FLOWERS OF INDIA.

HAWTHORN BLOOM. MOSS ROSE. DAMASK ROSE.

VIOLETTE. YLANG YLANG.

SANDAL WOOD.

BUTTERFLY ORCHIS. WOOD VIOLET.

THE CROWN SACHETS,

Very Choice and Lasting, in all the above Odors.

OPALINE.

The World-Renowned Face Powder,

ETC., ETC.

Complete Lists Furnished on Application.

AMERICAN BRANCH:

THOMSON, LANGDON & CO.,

478, AND 480, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U.S.

INDIA:

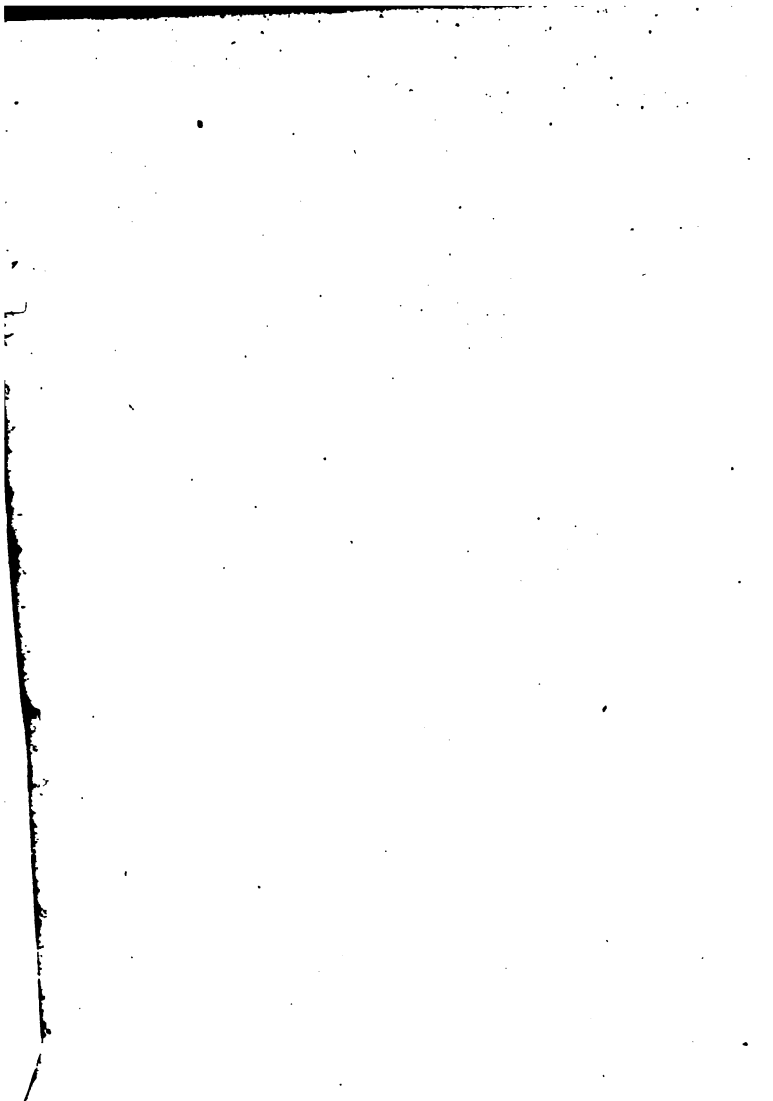
TREACHER & CO. LIMITED,

BOMBAY.

AUSTRALIA:

FELTON, GRIMWADE & CO.,

MELBOURNE.



UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 02421 1529

